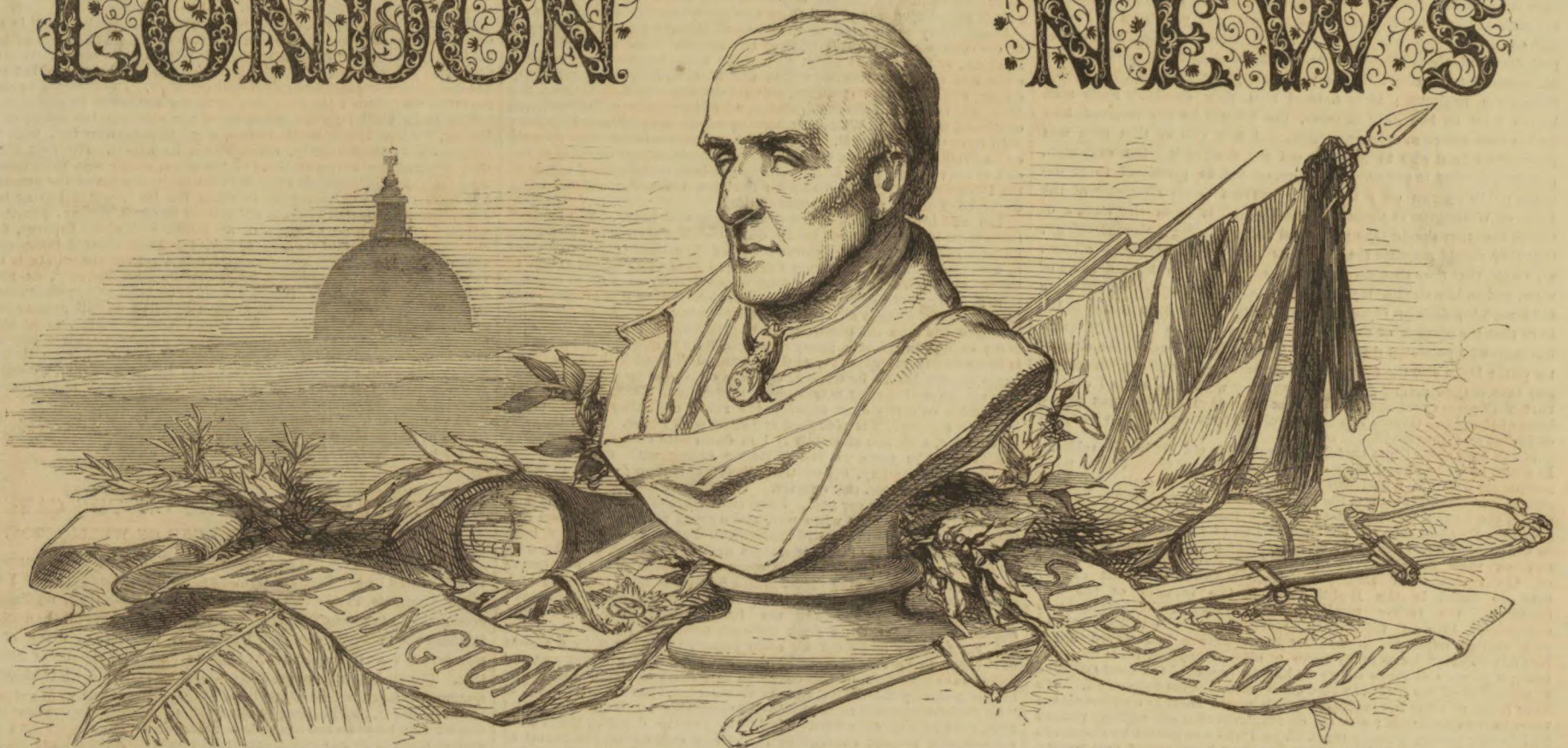


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THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AS ADMINISTRATOR OF THE ARMY.

On the character and conduct of the Duke of Wellington as Commander-in-Chief, and as the principal administrator of military affairs in this country, much has been written and spoken that might lead to the belief that this part of the duties of the Duke were ill discharged, either towards the country and its interests or towards the service and the individuals composing it. Such animadversions will always be made in a free country, where there is no restraint on discussion; but they are calculated to produce the more effect on the public mind in England, because here it is the practice of the military authorities, in a great measure, to shroud their proceedings from public observation, and thus to appear negligent or apathetic when they are perhaps most actively engaged in measures of amelioration. The dislike of the English people for change—or, at least their disposition to defer it to the latest possible moment—is notorious. Our history is full of examples, and our private life is made up of the operation of this fixed habit of mind. The same opposition to innovation is to be found in the army, at least among its chiefs, and this

—when combined to a disinclination to admit external opinions, or influences—may fully account for the prejudices which prevail on the subject, even in the service itself. The Duke of Wellington was as averse as any of his old colleagues to mere changes, especially such as were not intimately connected with the welfare or the efficiency of the army; but on the other hand, as an administrator of this branch of the public service, he was always alive to the importance of adopting it more completely to the military wants of the age, and to the competition it was likely to encounter. We have on record his own assurance that he had repeatedly urged on the Government the subject of the comparative inefficiency of some portions of our military establishment; yet all his efforts were met with the plea that public opinion would not sanction the necessary expense, the general belief being that the occasion for augmentation would never arise. The same difficulty attended his strenuous efforts to procure the more complete establishment of the national defences. The celebrated letter, which gave rise to so much discussion a few years since, was one fruit of his anxiety on this subject; and, to the last day of his life, he was engaged in carrying out his plans—the altered attitude of affairs abroad having at last aroused the national doubts, and obtained the sanction of Parliament to the formation of a

militia force. It must have been a source of satisfaction to the Duke in his latter days to reflect that at length his perseverance had even partially succeeded, and that his countrymen were alive to the necessity for, at all events, the least expensive precautions against a successful invasion.

The Duke of Wellington's administration of the internal affairs of the army, as Commander-in-Chief, has also given rise to much severe criticism. He was charged with being a cold, hard martinet, who acted on an exaggerated sense of duty, and brought all affairs within a narrow rule. If we reflect that the Duke was the target for all the discontented spirits—for all those who, having served their country in the field, or in the drawing-room and on parade, conceived that their services were not duly acknowledged—that the impertinent and unfounded claims on his consideration and administrative bounty usually far exceeded those that were based on real unrequited merits, we may naturally suppose that an adverse public opinion might, be generated against him, when he had to treat all these persons on their merits, and oppose to persevering egotism the cold front of duty and repulsion. In order to arrive at a correct estimate of the Duke of Wellington's conduct in this capacity, it would be necessary to disregard the complaints of the discontented, to sift their several cases to the bottom, and then to ascertain



FUNERAL OF THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—THE PROCESSION IN PALL-MALL.

whether their ill-success had been owing to their own demerits, or want of perception in the Commander-in-Chief. Now this would be a hopeless task; and, failing its performance, the next best thing is to take the opinions of officers who are well qualified to judge—who had the means of knowing the duties, sentiments, and principles of action, and could best judge whether he was actuated by caprice, negligence, prejudice, and, above all, by a disregard of the claims and services of his old companions in arms. Military men are proverbially apt to consider themselves neglected; it is natural that they should. Each man knows what he has gone through, the wounds he has received, how he has been passed over in promotion, and how this or that man was put over his head who to his eyes did not deserve it. But such men, although entitled to our utmost respect, cannot be permitted to monopolise public opinion on a topic so important as the character of the Duke of Wellington as Commander-in-Chief. It is in the nature of things that they should take a confined and microscopic view of things; that they should magnify their own merits, and dwarf those of others; above all, that they should regard the subject from a limited point of view, and so lose sight of many minor considerations which might have influenced the decision of their official superior. We have reason to believe that the opinion of those officers whose opinion is really worth having—who possessed the means of judging for themselves the character of the Duke and the exigencies of the service—is really in his favour; and that, if their verdict could be taken, they would one and all declare that, with some exceptions, the conduct of that illustrious man at the head of the Horse Guards was ever regulated by a high and noble spirit of justice and impartiality.

It has been said of him that he neglected his old Peninsular soldiers. It would be well to know the grounds of this charge beyond that mere grumbling which is notoriously the privilege of the veteran. Each old soldier may think that it was the prowess of himself and such as he that gained the battles, of which the Duke monopolised all the honours, not obtaining for them even the poor consolation of a medal. With regard to the cases of non-promotion, or non-recognition of claims, those must rest on their individual merits; and with respect to the question of the medals, the Duke's satisfactory and triumphant answer may be found in the Eighth Volume (we believe) of the Dispatches. We rather think that the Duke of Wellington was accustomed to deal with each individual case on its merits; and without reference to whether the applicant had served under him or not. And for as many cases of alleged neglect, there might be brought forward as many where he had far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the persons whose cases were brought before him. We have heard of some few instances which would seem to counterbalance these vague complaints; and we do not doubt that our military readers will be able to supply many more. The Duke was guided by the merits of the case. An old Indian officer who had been passed over, wrote, stating his case to the Commander-in-Chief. He had no interest, had never served under the Duke, and had nothing whatever to appeal to but the justice of his cause. The Duke took the greatest pains in investigating the case, and the result was that the officer in question, who was away on distant duty, was instated in all that he had a right to claim. The daughter of the same officer on his death, applied to the Duke for a pension. Upon the same principle that had actuated him in the first instance, although he could not himself do what was desired, he backed up the application in the proper quarter to the extent that his duty permitted. Yet both these persons were wholly unknown to him, and his sole guide was the record of the services of a meritorious officer, whom he conceived to have been unjustly treated. In another case, a young gentleman, the son of an old officer, was suddenly cast on the world by the death of his father, and far away from all his friends and connexions, if, indeed, he had any who could have aided him. Amidst the most trying difficulties he made his way home, where he at length arrived in no very promising plight for one bound to seek his fortune. The thought struck him to apply to the Duke of Wellington. He did so. The Duke inquired into his case, investigated his personal antecedents, and the result was that the young gentleman was gazetted to a Lieutenancy, which he now holds. We do not give these as extraordinary cases, or as anecdotes that possess even the ordinary interest of such stories, but as proofs coming within the writer's own knowledge that many popular opinions as to the Duke's indifference to the claims of the meritorious were unfounded; and that, on the other hand, he disregarded the suggestions of favoritism, and sought to reward merit.

Of the Duke's close application to business, of the pertinacious perseverance with which he read every document, and probed every case, there are records enough. That he should do these things in his military capacity was only to be expected from his known conduct in the other departments filled by him in the public service. One day's duty at the Horse Guards was a repetition of another. Almost as regularly as three o'clock struck he was at his post, seated in his plain unpretending room, and busy with the various matters crowding on his attention. Towards the close of his life fatigue would creep on him; but knowing how little he liked ever to seem to give way, these occasional lapses—even to the extent of a "nap"—were not taken cognizance of. All went on as if the illustrious old man were really as actively engaged as he wished to be. Of his indomitable resistance to the approaches of infirmity there is an anecdote—one of a hundred such—that is worth preserving. On the last occasion the Duke went his round of inspection as Constable of the Tower, his feebleness was very apparent to those around him; but he would not abate one jot of his allotted duty. Coming to the steep steps near the Traitors' Gate, his military friends who accompanied him, were alarmed lest he should fall. One of them offered to aid him, but was brusquely repulsed, the Duke persisting in descending the steps, with tottering steps and slow, and at the imminent risk, at each moment, of being precipitated to the bottom. While, at the Horse Guards, he was always difficult of access, except to those who had an absolute claim on his attention, or who had been appointed to come. On one occasion, a nobleman, distinguished for his military descent, wished to see him on public business, but could not obtain admittance. He persisted in asking to have his name sent to the Duke, and was allowed to remain outside the door, when it was taken in. What he heard was quite enough to induce him to retire, hopeless of obtaining an audience. Had he received an appointment to attend, the case would doubtless have been different. Even in this incident may be traced the methodical habits of the Duke, whose time had no doubt been apportioned, minus the unexpected visit of the nobleman in question.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AS AN AGRICULTURIST AND LANDLORD.

ALMOST all great men—indeed, almost all public men engaged in state affairs—have been more or less devoted to agriculture as a pursuit. Men of the most opposite characters and habits of mind appear to be subject to the fascination of an occupation which they often follow with great personal toil, at great expense, and too frequently with very unremunerative results, except in the pleasure of planning and labouring.

Among our own living public men, the names of three occur to the mind as having developed this preference. Sir James Graham, when spared from his parliamentary labours, works hard and long at his favourite farm. Lord Brougham, at Brougham Hall, has spent no little capital and time in the same pursuits; and at Cannes, has followed them under very different conditions, and in a more genial climate; and Mr. Roebuck, although not of the stuff whereof farmers are made, devotes—or, till recently, devoted—much of his leisure to the hard work of practical farming, somewhere down near Bath. The late Earl Spencer, better known as Lord Althorp, varied his literary, political, and financial pursuits with scientific farming, on no insignificant scale; and we remember to have encountered, among many others, John Temple Leader, once the popular member for Westminster, with so many of the rough traces of his mother earth upon him, as to make it very difficult to discover the legislator under what appeared to be a not very robust farm-labourer.

The Duke of Wellington, too, was an agriculturist, not so much from choice as from necessity or duty. The munificence of the nation having provided him with the domain of Stratfieldsay, he could do no less than cultivate it. To say the truth, it required no little attention.

Those who selected it for the national purchase, can scarcely be said to have well exercised their judgment; for it was, in regard to agricultural value, little better than a waste. The Duke's own remark about it was that any man less wealthy than himself would have been ruined by it. As it was, besides an amount originally laid out, the Duke spent every year's rental upon it, and still there was much remaining to be done.

Stratfieldsay is situated in the north of Hampshire, and on the edge of the county of Berks. It is near the railway from Basingstoke to Reading, and is distant about fifty miles from London, and between eight and ten from Reading. The soil of the estate is clayey, very strong, and difficult of drainage, being very wet. The first thing the Duke had to think of was the drainage, which he commenced at once, and continued to the last. Without it nothing whatever could have been done with so uncongenial a soil. In addition to this, his Grace resorted very extensively to chalking, a very expensive process, in consequence of the cost of conveyance. Since the railway has been completed, this part of the Duke's agricultural expenditure has been lessened, the chalk being conveyed from the railway cutting.

The land is chiefly used for producing corn and beans. The mode of cultivation is thus described by Mr. Caird:—"The system of cultivation pursued is to plough up the clover lea after the second crop is consumed in autumn, that the furrow may be exposed to the pulverising effects of the frosts and thaws of winter; after which it receives a clean summer fallow, being repeatedly ploughed and harrowed until it is brought into fine condition, when it is sown with wheat in October. After the wheat is reaped, the land lies untouched during the winter; and, as soon as it is dry enough in spring, a heavy dose of manure is spread upon it, which is immediately ploughed in, and the ground planted with beans. The beans are dibbled in by women, who are employed by task-work, and who set the seed in rows, marked by a garden-line. During the summer, the land is carefully hoed between the rows; and, after the bean crop has been removed, it is ploughed and sown with wheat. After that follows barley, a portion of which is laid down with clover, the rest being reserved to be sown in the following spring with peas, of which an excellent variety, called the 'Victoria Marrowfat,' is in great favour, selling at 40s. the quarter. The average produce of wheat is from 26 to 30 bushels per acre. From the nature of the land, it is found very injurious to work it when wet, and a great number of horses are, therefore, kept to push forward the work in favourable weather, a farm of 300 acres having as many as sixteen work-horses upon it. The only other stock consists of a few milch cows, some colts, and a number of pigs, which go loose in the yards. Stall-feeding is little practised, and, when tried, has been found very unprofitable; but this is not surprising, as fattening-oxen are fed on cake and other substances, costing 10s. 6d. a week for each animal." In fact, the Duke did his farming as he did all other things, well; but with a regard to the end to be attained by the outlay. By dint of perseverance and judicious expenditure, he had contrived very much to enhance the value of the property before he died. It is recorded, that he determined to "do the best he could without it"—his unvarying maxim, as a practical man, even in political affairs. He is said to have declared that he did not consider himself entitled to lay by one shilling of the rental at Stratfieldsay. "I am a rich man," said he, "my son will not be; therefore he shall receive his patrimony in the very best condition to which I can bring it. If he cannot keep it so, the fault will not be mine." This is so characteristic of the Duke's mind and character, that we conceive it must be true. A deserved compliment was paid to the Duke, as an agriculturist, by Professor Buckland, at the meeting of the British Association, in 1844. The Prussian Minister, he said, had called the attention of the assembled agriculturists of England to the example of good farming set them by the most illustrious of living warriors, the Duke of Wellington, who had turned his glorious sword into a not less glorious ploughshare. Near Stratfieldsay may now be seen rich fields of barley and turnips on naturally peat or clay lands, which, two or three years ago, were reeking with moisture, and incapable of that rotation of green and grain crops which all good farming requires. The Duke of Wellington was, year after year, improving his clay lands, first, by thorough draining, which is the indispensable precursor of all other improvements; and, after drainage, spreading large quantities of chalk over the surface of the clay. Not less than one thousand wagon-loads of chalk had, during the last year, been brought from the neighbourhood of Basingstoke to that of Stratfieldsay.

In point of fact, the Duke very early participated in that agricultural movement which has tended more than any other cause to enable England to make her great commercial sacrifices.

As to the Duke of Wellington's character as a landlord we have heard conflicting statements. A man of his iron stamp, with his rigid ideas of order, and habitual subordination of his own preferences to his sense of duty, would necessarily find himself from time to time compelled to exercise his authority, or to resist encroachments. He might, also, from his more conspicuous position, be more exposed to those animadversions arising out of political feeling to which all country gentlemen are more or less open, who do not choose to adopt the popular side. There would not be wanting local politicians to improve any such dispositions. It is more than probable that the Duke was a just without being exactly a kind landlord, and that many of his good acts fell on thankless soil, because the manner of doing them was not captivating. In no other way can we reconcile the statements we have heard; one class of persons declaring that the Duke was an excellent landlord and much respected, while others will tell you that the whole neighbourhood was disaffected and discontented. It is certain that he did much good, according to his ideas; but there is also reason to think that his time and attention were so occupied by his multifarious duties, that many of the minor kindnesses were left unperformed. Kind words often do more than the best intentions or even the most serviceable acts. As it was, the Duke did his duty. After his near relative, the Rev. Gerald Wellesley, came to reside on the estate as the pastor of the place, the condition of the people is said to have improved, and their feeling stronger towards their landlord; but this may be attributed not so much to any previous neglect on the part of the Duke, as to the effects of personal communication and superintendence. All that good landlordism could do was done. Cottages were built, and plots of land were given, with every facility for cultivation. One writer, quoted in "Wellingtoniana," says, that "go where you would, whether far or near, you would nowhere see a body of tenantry better lodged, better provided with offices, better supplied with all manner of conveniences for the prosecution of their calling, than those which call the Duke of Wellington their landlord. As a matter of course, the Duke's tenants were extremely well pleased with their lot; indeed, a more popular man than he, among all classes of his neighbours, it would be hard to find.

The Duke, besides paying the expense of drainage, used to contribute the greater portion of the expense of "chalking" his tenants' lands. The farm buildings are far superior to any of those on the estates around. In this respect, the Duke was far superior to the neighbouring landowners. Wood and thatch gave place, on his estate, to brick and slate; and from time to time the farm-houses were rebuilt, or substantially repaired. The cottages of his labourers are also unusually well built and provided, all being done with an especial view to health and comfort. There were no middlemen on the estate, every tenant holding direct from the Duke himself. Each cottage has a quarter-of-an-acre allotment of garden ground, and for both the rental is 1s. per week, or 23s. 12s. per year. This is a lower rent than is paid by the Belgian cultivators; they pay frequently a hundred francs per year for worse accommodation. Rent on the Stratfieldsay estate is about 21s. an acre; to which has been added 7s. an acre for tithes; and for rates, 8s. 6d. an acre; so that the position of the tenants, as tenants, cannot but be good. Upon the whole, therefore, the balance of testimony is in favour of the Duke as a landlord; and much must be allowed for the natural grumbling of people who are never contented, as also for that instinctive antagonism, founded on political feeling, which almost always pursues a well-known public character of opinions opposed to those of the multitude in his country-home. It is a gratifying reflection, that the Duke of Wellington, in this phase of his character is as worthy of our respect as in most aspects of his civil life and career.

THE DUKE'S ESTATE IN BELGIUM.

The Duke of Wellington was also a holder of property in foreign countries. It is, of course, generally known that after the Battle of Waterloo, in addition to the many honours conferred upon the conqueror, the then King of the Netherlands, William, conferred upon the Duke-Prince an estate. Of this he retained possession during the remainder of his life.

The King evinced much delicacy in his choice of the locality of this gift. It closely borders the scene of the great victory. The domain consists of about 1200 hectares, detached from the celebrated forest of Soignes. The hectare measures about two acres and a third; so that the extent of this property in English measurement would be about 2800 acres—rather more than less.

The domain is situated about half way between Gembloux and Water-

loo, and is in the midst of a country where agricultural improvement is carried on to a very great extent. The writer had an opportunity, not long since, of himself seeing the great activity of the landed proprietors, and their anxiety to place their properties in a position to compete with the English agriculturists, who are to them objects of greater fear than even the foreigner used to be to the English producer.

The Duke of Wellington was not a man to be behind hand in any measures of improvement. The same spirit that led him to improve Stratfieldsay also led him to do his utmost with his Belgian estate. When it first came to his hands, it was covered with more or less valuable trees; but was otherwise unfit for agricultural purposes. Its estimated value at that time was about 1,500,000 francs, or nearly 260,000 in English money.

The Duke placed the management of the estate in the hands of M. Halley, Notaire Royal at Waterloo; a gentleman who has, with the utmost ability and integrity, administered its affairs. His first efforts were directed to clearing the land of the wood, which was from time to time sold, and the proceeds applied to the improvement of the property. The next step was thoroughly to drain the land, which having been done, it was discovered that the soil was of the best quality, peculiarly adapted to the culture of grain of all kinds, and also of clover, flax, and hemp. By degrees the greater part has been brought under cultivation, with very great success; so much so, that the estate is now valued at double the estimate made in the first instance, or about 2,120,000 English money. Nor is this all: the gradual improvement of the soil gives reason to hope that the value will be still greater hereafter. Although the Duke of Wellington had not here, as at Stratfieldsay, the merit of having personally superintended these improvements, it was in consequence of his liberality and confidence that M. Halley was enabled to bring its estate to its present high condition; and the name of the Duke of Wellington ranks with the most distinguished of the enterprising landed proprietors of Belgium.

The Duke held, we believe, the estate voted for him in Spain; that offered in Portugal he declined; but received about £7000 per annum for his pay as Marshal in the Portuguese army.

DR. CUMMING'S LECTURE ON THE CAREER AND CHARACTER OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

An address upon the life and character of Wellington, as an exemplar, was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Cumming, in connexion with the Young Men's Christian Instruction Association, in Exeter Hall, on Tuesday evening. The hall was, probably, never more crowded, and the audience included the present Duke and Duchess of Wellington, many of the members of the family and of the nobility, and other persons of distinction. The Rev. Doctor opened his subject by setting forth those salient features in the character of the hero, which were suggestive of guidance, encouragement, and progress to young men. Amid the splendour of so illustrious a hero, we are apt to lose sight of the more quiet and suggestive features of so earnest and great a man. Anybody can applaud those brilliant victories which he achieved, but it is not all who can or care to comprehend the almost hidden springs of his success, or the latent secrets of his might. The genius of Wellington we can neither command for ourselves nor bequeath as a legacy to others; but the pure and severely disinterested character and conduct of the man under every order he wore, and shining forth through every dignity he received, we may imitate. His high sense of duty, his untiring loyalty, his temperance of living, his moderation of speech, and his devotedness to duty, we shall all do well to aspire to. (Cheers.) His unparalleled success, his world-wide popularity, never tempted him to seek a higher position than that of first subject of the Queen. With more than imperial prestige, he never dreamed of more than a subject's place. About the Duke there was nothing vulgar or common-place. He never sought fame; not a fact or trait detected in his career is indicative of anxiety for *clatour*.

The Doctor then proceeded to grapple with the possible objection that a soldier is not the best study for young men. It should not be forgotten that nine-tenths of the elements that are required to make a good soldier, are no less necessary to form a good citizen. If we wish to get rid of them, we must improve ourselves so as to do without them. The soldier does not create war, any more than the lightning-conductor generates lightning, or the quick pulse makes fever; rather, he carries away, by a sacrifice of himself, the fierce flame that would devastate his country, and wrap in one wide blaze its prosperity and peace and happiness. War is a stern necessity, but when it comes it is less awful under some generals than under others. Napoleon, regardless of blood, sought for war, as conducive to his glory; Wellington fought for duty, safety, and peace. The widows and orphans of Waterloo lament their losses, but meekly speak of them, and patiently bear them; the widows of Austerlitz, Marengo, and Jena cursed the mad ambition that clutched at its prizes at so fearful a sacrifice. The splendour of Napoleon's successes invested him with a sort of romantic, supernatural glory. Wellington, although really greater, appeared less splendid, because he valued life and loved to save it. He sought victory at the least possible expense of suffering. The world was dazzled by the mystic splendour of Napoleon; but saw in Wellington a quiet greatness that, like a distant star, grew brighter, the nearer it was approached. His name and deeds, and renown, are familiar to us as household words. He never undertook anything until he had mastered the essential facts, and he rarely, or never, meddled with other people's business; but in whatever was his duty he fulfilled the precept, "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." Unity of object and simplicity of aim were strong characteristics and features of Wellington. His familiar reply, "F. M. the Duke of W. never meddles with things that do not belong to his department, and over which he has no control," is familiar to us all. He put no more irons into the fire than he could manage. Whatever Wellington had in hand, he did thoroughly. Further, the Duke never gave up what he accounted a good cause on account of any discouragement or opposition, however formidable. The Duke could scarcely get 30,000 soldiers for the Peninsula, in order to meet the Marshals of France with four times his force. The very rations the poor fellows ate, and the ragged coats they wore, were grudging by a misguided Government at home, and all sorts of complaints reached him from head-quarters. But Wellington stood erect and firm where so many had faltered. He was—

Justum et tenacem propositi virum.
Non vultus instans tyranni
Non civium arum pravâ jactantiam
Nec vultus instans tyranni
Mente quatit solidâ.

His inward force enabled him to bide his time, and he felt he must succeed. (Cheers.) Another striking trait was his abnegation of self, his disregard of a selfish or even personal ends in his public career. Arthur Wellesley set out just to do his duty, and never once dreamed of Arthur Duke of Wellington. He never complained of adverse circumstances; he never complained of fortune, as he never depended on fate; he was never known to attempt a great, a good, or a brilliant end by consciously wicked or unrighteous means; he rejected with magnanimous scorn the offer to assassinate his most formidable antagonist; he would not be a party to the proposal of a foreign General to put to death Napoleon, who left a legacy to the man who attempted to shoot the Duke. Fidelity in the path of duty was another characteristic.

We have not wings—we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees—by more and more—
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert air,
When nearer seen, and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains that up-rear
Their frowning foreheads to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Courage is the mission of a few—patience is the duty of all. The Rev. Doctor then proceeded to comment upon the Duke's attention to his religious duties. The Duke, no matter what the weather was, when in town, regularly attended, even amidst a heavy fall of snow, the morning service in the Chapel Royal, St. James's.

After Waterloo, he says in his despatch:—
My heart is broken by the terrible loss I have sustained of my old friends and companions, and my poor soldiers. I have escaped unhurt: the finger of Providence was on me.

The only mode of avoiding party spirit in the army is for the commanding officer to be of no side excepting that of the public; to employ indiscriminately those who best serve the public, be they what they may, or in whatever service.

Again:—

I would sacrifice Gwalior, or every portion of India, ten times over, in order to preserve our credit for scrupulous good faith, and the advantages and honour we gained by the late war and peace (1803), and we must not fritter this away. What brought me through many difficulties in the war, and the negotiations for peace? The British good faith, and nothing else.

Again:—

I am one of those who have probably passed a longer period of my life engaged in war than most men, and principally in civil war; and I must say this, that if I could avoid, by any sacrifice whatever, even one month of civil war in the country to which I was attached, I would sacrifice my life in order to do it. I say there is nothing that destroys property, eats up property by the roots, and demoralizes the character to the degree that civil war does. In such a crisis, the hand of man is raised against his brother and against his father; servants betray master, and the whole scene ends in confusion and devastation.

Several other extracts, all equally characteristic, were read by the Rev. Doctor. He then proceeded to observe:—"A review of the character of Wellington without a few thoughts on Waterloo, awful as it was, would be singular indeed. It has been the means of national safety and peace. Indeed, to use the last words of the great Duke in the senate of his country—

It was a battle of giants, an operation by which the peace of Europe, my Lords, has been preserved now these seven-and-thirty years.

Two great captains met in their strength—one warring for glory, the other for his country. Their armies differed as much as their aims. Each knew his soldiers thoroughly. Napoleon's army was intensely French; Wellington's, British to the heart. Napoleon calculated on the electric enthusiasm of his men sweeping before them all opposition, as does a mountain's torrent, rushing to the sea; and Wellington calculated, and most justly, that the exhaustion of this would be Bonaparte's ruin, and a protracted battle the surest way to seal it. Wellington appreciated exactly the elements of his opponent's strength. He measured no less exactly the temper, the mettle, and the resources of his own battalions: deficient in French passion, but strong of nerve, overflowing with subdued but inexhaustible energy—patient, persistent, full of dauntless and glorious obstinacy.

We see the French cuirassiers, and last, but not least, the Imperial Guards, advance to the conflict like the shining waves of the sea when roused from their lair by the fierce tempest, threatening to cleave irresistibly their course to victory. Opposed to them were the battalions of Britain, rooted to the earth on which they stood, receiving the charging squadrons as the rocks of the ocean, magnificent in their repose, accept the sea waves, and fling them back shattered whence they came. Some of our soldiers chafed at being so held, and fancied at times that there was fear and hesitation in the breast of their great commander. There was none; but there was a cool and well-weighed estimate of the issue, and of the only way to reach it. He allowed a sad but unavoidable loss of life, and not only allowed but encouraged the French to expend their enthusiasm and exhaust their strength; and while the outwitted Emperor was complaining that the British, especially my own beloved countrymen, the Highland regiments—(loud cheers)—did not know when they were beaten, the Duke gave his last and longed-for order, "Up, Guards, and at them!" and the cheer that rolled along the lines of our army, like a peal of thunder, awoke Napoleon for the first time to the master tactics of his foe, and the terrible certainty of his own defeat. It was no common man that endured that ordeal. It was no common soldier that penetrated the secret of Napoleon's victories. It was no common struggle—no ordinary conquest—that saved us from utter ruin as a nation. Wellington defended our national life when the sword of an invader was pointed to its heart. It is ours to maintain it. It was saved that it might be sanctified. Our national responsibility is deepened by our great deliverance. By God's blessing, let us make England worth defending. (Cheers.)

After some further eloquent observations upon the national blessings enjoyed, and their attendant responsibilities, enforced and illustrated by historic references, the Doctor proceeded:—"We are again passing into times of trial—a more awful baptism, perhaps, than we have yet passed through. Portentous clouds are gathering around our silver-coated island. We shall miss the profound sagacity, the unrivalled forethought, the experienced and ripe wisdom of him whose spirit remained to the last unimpaired in any of its powers; and nations that envy or hate us will draw fresh courage from our loss. The noble heart that so loved his country is still and cold beneath the pavement of St. Paul's; the mighty spirit that saw further than most men has gone to his appointed place; the venerable form, for whom the crowd in every thoroughfare made way with reverential love—on which arm might be seen, typical of a nation's trust, a loved and loving daughter, that now wears meekly his resplendent name—is seen no more. The image is indelible on every memory, but the original is gone. The Parliament that once rung with congratulations gave, a few days ago, expression to the depths of its sorrow and the greatness of its loss. The cypress has taken the place of the laurel, and the funeral anthem rises where songs of rejoicing swelled before.

The reverend gentleman proceeded to the spiritual improvement of the funeral obsequies of the hero, concluding by exhorting upon young men not to be diverted from the call of duty—their chief and most imperative duty being to attend now, in the accepted time, to the obligatory demands and requirements of the Gospel. At the close of the address Dr. Cumming was loudly applauded by the audience.

THE GREAT DUKE RECEIVING THE THANKS OF PARLIAMENT.

To obtain the public thanks and acknowledgments of both Houses of Parliament has always been considered one of the greatest honours which a British subject can receive. By the Army and Navy this signal mark of distinction has ever been most highly prized. The favour of the Crown has in past ages been sometimes unworthily bestowed and lightly esteemed; but there is no instance upon record where Parliament has set the stamp of its approval upon a base and ignominious action. No subject of the Crown of this country has ever left upon the rolls of Parliament the record of so many formal votes of thanks for the services he had rendered to the State; nor is there inscribed upon the gold coffin-plate of the illustrious dead any testimony more honourable, or any title to fame more lasting. Be it ours to supply the omission of Garter King-at-Arms, and to recapitulate the occasions on which the Duke of Wellington received the unbought and nobly-deserved homage of the British Parliament.

The Duke's services in the East first procured him a distinction which afterwards awaited him at almost every step in his brilliant military career. The thanks of the King and Parliament for his conduct in command of the army in the Decan, were communicated in general orders by the Governor-General, and read everywhere to the army in India.

In 1807 Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Wellesley being appointed to command in the army under Lord Cathcart in the expedition of Copenhagen, and having been selected to negotiate the capitulation of that place, received the thanks of Parliament for his conduct on the occasion.

On the 1st of January, 1808, Sir Arthur being in his place as member of the House of Commons, the Speaker rose and thus addressed him:—

I should indeed be wanting to the full expression of those sentiments which animate this House and the whole country if I forebore to notice that we are, on this day, crowning with our thanks, one gallant officer, long since known to the gratitude of this House, who has long trodden the paths of glory, whose genius and valour have already extended our fame and empire; whose sword has been the terror of our distant enemies, and will not now be drawn in vain to defend the seat of empire itself and the throne of his King. I am, Sir Arthur Wellesley, charged to deliver the thanks of this House to you; and I do accordingly thank you, in the name of the Commons of the United Kingdom, for your zeal, intrepidity, and exertion, displayed in the various operations which were necessary for conducting the siege and effecting the surrender of the navy and arsenal of Copenhagen.

The House cheered, and the plaudits were renewed when Sir Arthur rose in his place, in full military uniform, and addressed the House in the following modest and manly words:—

Mr. Speaker,—I consider myself fortunate that I was employed by his Majesty on a service which this House has considered of such importance as to have marked with its approbation the conduct of those officers and troops who have performed it. The honour which this House has conferred upon my honourable friends and myself, is justly considered by the officers of the navy and army as the highest which this country can confer; it is the object of the ambition of

all who are employed in his Majesty's service; and to obtain it, has, doubtless, been the motive of many of those acts of valour and good conduct which have tended so eminently to the glory, and have advanced the prosperity and advantage of this country. I can assure the House that I am most sensible of the great honour which they have done me; and I beg leave to take this opportunity of returning you, Sir, my thanks for the handsome terms respecting myself in which your kindness to me has induced you to convey the resolution of the House.

Sir Arthur's friends expected that the victorious soldier would have said something of the future, and would have solemnly dedicated his sword to the service of his King and country. But, although Sir Arthur's modesty and good taste led him to confine himself to the past, men of penetration did not the less believe that a great military career lay before the young soldier, who could veil so much sagacity and energy under an exterior so simple and unpretending.

The glories of the Peninsular campaign began with Vimiero. On the 23rd January, 1809, the Earl of Liverpool moved "the thanks of the House of Lords to Lieut.-General Sir A. Wellesley, K.B., for the skill, valour, and ability displayed by him on the 17th and 21st August, and particularly on the latter day, in the battle of Vimiero." On the 28th, Lord Castlereagh proposed a similar vote to the Commons, which was eventually agreed to, but not without discussion. Sir Harry Barrard was actually in command of the army, and, after the battle, stopped the pursuit. This order saved the French army from rout and capture. The Ministry resisted the attempt to insert Sir H. Burrard's name in the vote of thanks; and the debate called up General Stewart, who said he had arrived at headquarters soon after the battle of Vimiero, and who bore witness to "the sentiment of enthusiasm in favour of Sir A. Wellesley which prevailed, from the general to the drummer." This testimony, at the very commencement of the Peninsular war, is an important contribution to the annals of the Great Duke's military career. The prevailing impression is, that the Duke owed his high command to his aristocratic connections, and that it was not until after he had gained a series of victories that his soldiers began to have confidence in his military genius, and to believe him invincible. General Stewart not only gave the House the result of his own observations, but repeated a statement made to him by one of Sir Arthur's most promising officers, General Anstruther, who died from fatigue in the operations which followed the battle. General Anstruther said:—"It was impossible for him to conceive anything more admirable than the conduct of Sir Arthur Wellesley, from the commencement of his operations, to the result of the battle of Vimiero; that there was no difficulty which he did not contrive to obviate; that his mind was full of resources; that he managed his army like a machine, of the nature of which he was complete master; and that no officer whom he ever saw conducted the operations of an army with more distinguished ability. There was nothing that army would not attempt under that commander, and few things that they would not achieve." Mr. Whitbread's amendment, to include the name of Sir H. Barrard, was then withdrawn, and the resolution of thanks to Sir Arthur Wellesley put and carried. On the 27th January, 1809, Sir Arthur—having returned to England in the interval—again received the thanks of the House of Commons in his place, and again replied to the Speaker.

The battle of Talavera was rewarded by a peerage. On the 26th January, 1810, the Earl of Liverpool, in the House of Peers, moved—"That this House do return their thanks to General Lord Viscount Wellington for the skill and ability displayed by him on the 27th and 28th of July, 1809, at Talavera." The Lords were by no means unanimous; for the Opposition in both Houses mistrusted, not only the policy of the campaign, but also the skill of the General, until he had effected a series of splendid successes which made even envy dumb, and faction mute. The Marquis of Wellesley made a noble defence of his absent brother, in reply to his detractors. He showed that the British troops succeeded in repelling the attack of a French army almost double their number; and that the victory of Talavera had saved the south of Spain from absolute destruction. The motion was carried, as was also the vote of thanks moved in the Lower House by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the 1st of February; although there were not wanting members who stood up and asserted that the battles of Vimiero and Talavera were fought merely for a peerage. Still the vote was carried without a division.

After the retreat of the French, Parliament, on the 26th of April, 1811, voted its thanks to Lord Wellington for the liberation of Portugal. Ciudad Rodrigo gained him an earldom. The awful struggle at the storming of this place, followed by the capture of Marmont's battering-train, and an immense quantity of military stores, gained the great soldier another vote of thanks on the 10th of February, 1812.

Badajoz next fell before the impetuous valour of the British troops, after terrible slaughter on both sides. As soon as the news arrived, Parliament (on the 27th April, 1812) hastened again to tender its grateful thanks.

The battle of Salamanca opened Madrid to the army of the victor, Wellington, and gave him another step in the British Peerage. As soon as Parliament met—namely, on the 3rd December, 1812—both Houses were called upon to give him a vote of thanks for Salamanca. But the failure of the siege of Burgos, and the retreat to the frontier of Portugal, had occurred in the meantime, and the Opposition were not slow in availing themselves of these reverses, to repeat their real or pretended doubts about Wellington's capacity for command, and to convert his partial successes into occasions for charging the Ministry with inefficiency and want of energy. The accusations against the Government were, upon this occasion, endorsed by the Marquis of Wellesley, who, in a defence of his brother animated by the strongest fraternal attachment, could not acquit Wellington without impeaching the Liverpool Ministry, and convicting it of mal-administration. The noble Marquis said that his brother's plans had been continually cramped by a deficiency of strength; that scanty and tardy supplies were sent him; that the co-operation which he had a right to expect from the Government at home was feeble and ill-directed; and that the system adopted by Ministers was "timid without prudence, and narrow without economy; profuse without the benefit of expenditure, and slow without the benefit of action." Every one believed that these complaints against the Ministry would not have been sent home by Wellington to the Marquis of Wellesley if he had not himself first exhausted the language of remonstrance in his representations to the Government at home; and the publication of Colonel Gurwood's Despatches confirms the accuracy of the popular belief. Parliament again voted its thanks, and superseded a grant of £100,000, to be laid out in the purchase of lands of that value, as a reward for services, and to enable him to support the dignity of the peerage. The debate was followed by another result, which the Peninsular hero regarded just then with more delight, perhaps, than the thanks of Parliament or the grant of money. The Ministry were stirred up to greater activity. They sent large reinforcements of men, horses, and ordnance to Portugal; and Wellington now found himself at the head of 200,000 men—British, Spanish, and Portuguese. His army was not only large, but well appointed; and, full of confidence in themselves and their General, his troops were led against the foe.

At Vittoria the French made their last stand upon Spanish soil. This great battle, in which a French Marshal's staff and 180 pieces of cannon fell into the hands of the conquerors, obtained the bâton of a Field-Marshal for the Marquis of Wellington. The thanks of Parliament, for the victory of Vittoria, followed on the 8th July, 1813.

On the 8th October, 1813, Parliament was called upon to vote its thanks for the capture of San Sebastian and the operations subsequent to the battle of Vittoria.

The year 1814 crowned the successful warrior with the highest honours that can be conferred upon a subject. On the 24th March, the Prince Regent and Parliament awarded him their thanks for Orthez. After the battle of Toulouse, he was advanced to the Dukedom of Wellington. Parliament voted him £400,000 in addition to former grants. In June, the Duke arrived in England, and immediately proceeded to pay his respects to the Prince Regent, who was then at Portsmouth with the Allied Monarchs. He was received by his countrymen with every demonstration of admiration and gratitude, and Parliament prepared to award him those thanks which, since the affair of Vimiero, he had until now been prevented from receiving in person. From April, 1809, when he was appointed to command the army in Portugal, until the month of June, 1814, the Duke had been absent from England. He had now returned, with his patents of nobility in his pocket, and both Houses of Parliament became the scene of a grand historical picture.

On the 27th of June, 1814, Earl Bathurst, in the House of Lords, said it was now upwards of five years since the Duke of Wellington had accepted the command of the army in the Peninsula. At that time almost the whole of Spain was in the possession of the French troops; but before he closed his renowned and glorious campaign, not a Frenchman was left in the country. The noble Earl also reminded their Lordships that the Duke had never once left his command, although he had the same inducements to return home as other individuals, to which were superadded the desire he must have felt to acknowledge in person the several votes of Parliament. Now that he had returned victorious to his country, the noble Earl hoped their Lordships would show that they were sensible of his great and splendid services, and he moved "That

the thanks of their Lordships' House be given to his Grace the Duke of Wellington for his eminent and unremitting services to his King and country; and that the Lord Chancellor do deliver the same to the Duke of Wellington in his place." The motion was unanimously agreed to.

But that place in their Lordships' House the Duke had not yet taken. The following day (Tuesday, June 28) was a memorable epoch in the history of the august assembly of which the Duke of Wellington was henceforward the most distinguished ornament. The space below the bar was crowded at an early hour. An unusual number of Peers were present. Two ladies sat below the throne whose feelings every mother and wife in Great Britain might have envied. One was the venerable mother of the Duke, and the other his wife. Several other ladies were present; and the House of Commons furnished a considerable proportion of its members. Lord Chancellor Eldon having taken his seat upon the woolsack at about ten minutes to three, the Duke of Wellington in his dual robes entered the House, preceded by the Duke of Norfolk, as Earl Marshal of England; Sir Isaac Heard in his gorgeous gold lace coat, as Garter King-at-Arms; and Sir Thomas Tyrrel, Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod. The Duke was supported by the Dukes of Somerset and Richmond; and, having delivered the several writs to the Lord Chancellor, he went to the table. The Clerk of the House now took up the writ creating Sir A. Wellesley a Peer by the title of Baron Douro, of Wellesley, and Viscount Wellington, of Talavera. Then followed in order the patents of nobility for the Earldom of Wellington, the Marquisate, and ending with the Dukedom. His Grace then took the oaths of allegiance and abjuration, and sat down with the attendant Dukes on the ducal bench.

The Lord Chancellor was unequal to the greatness of the occasion. He was probably overpowered by its novelty, and by the grandeur of the deeds which it devolved upon him to eulogise. He of course drew their Lordships' attention to a circumstance singular in the history of their House; viz., that, on the noble Duke's introduction, he had gone through every dignity of the peerage in this country which it was in the power of the Crown to bestow. He added:—

I decline all attempts to state your Grace's eminent merits in your military character—to represent those brilliant actions, those illustrious achievements which have attached immortality to the name of Wellington, and which have given to this country a degree of glory unexampled in the annals of this kingdom. In thus acting, I believe I best consult the feelings which evince your Grace's title to the character of a truly-great and illustrious man.

The Duke rose, and made a plain and brief expression of his thanks. He begged their Lordships to believe that he was "entirely overcome by the honours which have been conferred upon me;" and concluded by saying: "I can only assure your Lordships that you will always find me ready to serve his Majesty to the utmost of my ability in any capacity in which my services can be at all useful to this great country." How nobly and how faithfully the Duke redeemed this solemn pledge, our readers do not require to be reminded.

After a few minutes, during which his Grace received the congratulations of most of the Peers present, he retired to unrobe, and then re-entered the House dressed in the uniform of a Field-Marshal, and decorated with his various orders.

It was now the turn of the House of Commons; but we must here go back a few months to mention that on the 10th May the Prince Regent had sent down a message to the Lower House that he had conferred the rank and title of a Duke and Marquis of the United Kingdom upon the Duke of Wellington, and recommending a grant to support the dignity. On the 12th, the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Vansittart), moved that the sum of £10,000 be paid annually out of the Consolidated Funds for the use of the Duke of Wellington, to be at any time commuted for the sum of £800,000 in the purchase of an estate. Several members of the Opposition who, at the beginning of the Peninsular war had spoken slightly of the Duke's military character, now bore the handsomest testimony to his high merits, and objected to the grant as too small! A motion was made in consequence, the Ministry being nothing loth, for an additional £100,000, making in all the sum of half a million voted by Parliament to the Duke.

In addition to the pecuniary remuneration thus liberally voted by Parliament, the House of Commons resolved to pay him the highest tribute of respect in their power, by a vote of thanks accompanied with a deputation of its members to congratulate him on his return to this country. Lord Castlereagh reported from this committee that it was the Duke's desire to express in person his acknowledgments; and the following day, July 1, 1814, was appointed for the solemnity. (See Illustration.)

The Speaker, upon this great occasion, appeared in his gold robe of office. The House presented a brilliant appearance from the circumstance that the members had that day attended the Speaker to Carlton House with an address to the Prince Regent upon the signing of the definitive treaty of peace. The naval and military members were dressed in the uniforms of their rank, and great numbers of gentlemen appeared in Court dresses. The House was crowded with members at a quarter before five, when Lord Castlereagh rose amid breathless silence, and acquainted the House that the Duke of Wellington having desired that he might have the honour to wait upon the House, was now in attendance.

The Speaker, who was careful to conduct the proceedings of the House with due form and order, said—"Is it the pleasure of the House to call in his Grace?" Loud cheering from all parts of the House gave the reply, and the Speaker said, "Call him in."

The Serjeant-at-Arms, with the gold mace, proceeded to execute the orders of the House; and a chair having been placed for his Grace on the left hand of the bar, towards the middle of the House, the Duke of Wellington came in, making several obeisances to the Speaker. The Duke wore his Field-Marshal's uniform, with the Garter, the Fleece, and other foreign Orders. The whole House rose as one man upon his entrance within the bar, and remained standing.

The Speaker having informed his Grace that there was a chair in which he might repose himself, the Duke sat down, and, putting on his hat, remained covered for some time, the Serjeant-at-Arms standing on his right hand, with the mace grounded. When the Duke sat down, the members also resumed their seats. His Grace then rose, and, uncovered, spoke to the following effect:—

Mr. Speaker—I was anxious to be permitted to attend this House, in order to return my thanks in person for the honour they have done me in deputation a committee of members of this House to congratulate me on my return to this country; and this after the House had animated my exertions by their applause upon every occasion which appeared to merit their approbation, and after they had filed up the measure of my favours by conferring upon me, at the recommendation of the Prince Regent, the noblest gift that any subject had ever enjoyed.

I hope it will not be deemed presumptuous in me to take this opportunity of expressing my admiration of the great efforts made by this House and the country at a moment of unexampled pressure and difficulty, in order to support the great scale of operation by which the contest was brought to so fortunate a termination.

By the wise policy of Parliament the Government were enabled to give the necessary support to the operations which were carried on under my direction; and I was incited by the confidence reposed in me by his Majesty's Ministers and by the Commander-in-Chief, by the gracious favour of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, and by the reliance which I had on the support of my gallant friends (turning to General Clinton, Sir W. Stuart, and General Picton, who, in the full costume of their rank, sat near him), and the bravery of the officers and troops, to carry on the operations in such a manner as to acquire for me those marks of the approbation of this House, for which I have now the honour to make my humble acknowledgments.

Sir, it is impossible for me to express the gratitude which I feel; I can only assure the House that I shall always be ready to serve his Majesty in any capacity in which my services can be deemed useful, with the same zeal for my country which has already acquired for me the approbation of this House.

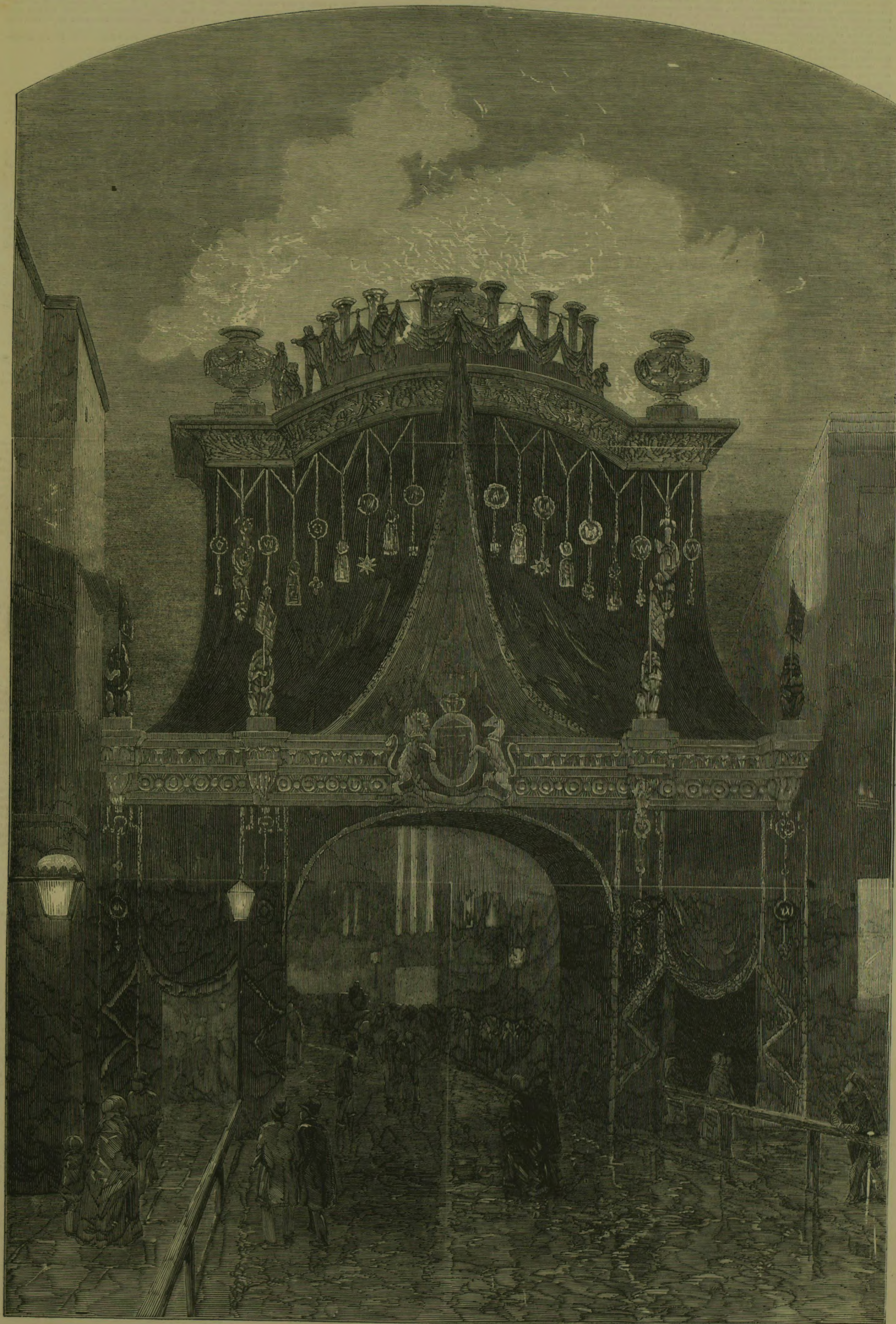
Immense cheering followed this speech, at the conclusion of which the Speaker, who, during the foregoing speech sat covered, now stood up uncovered, and addressed his Grace in these most memorable words:—

My Lord,—Since last I had the honour of addressing you from this place, a series of eventful years has elapsed; but none without some mark and note of your rising glory.

The military triumphs which your valour has achieved upon the banks of the Douro, and the Tagus, of the Ebro and the Gironne, have called forth the spontaneous shouts of admiring nations. Those triumphs, it is needless on this day to recount. Their names have been written by your conquering sword in the annals of Europe, and we shall hand them down with exultation to our children's children.

It is not, however, the grandeur of military success which has alone fixed our admiration or commanded our applause. It has been that generous and lofty spirit which inspired your troops with unbounded confidence, and taught them to know that the day of battle was the day of victory; that more courage and enduring fortitude, which in perilous times, when gloom and despair had beset ordinary minds, stood nevertheless unshaken; and that ascendancy of character which, uniting the energies of jealous and rival nations, enabled you to sway the fates and fortunes of mighty empires.

For the repeated thanks and grants bestowed upon you by this House, in gratitude for your many and eminent services, you have thought fit this day to offer us your acknowledgments; but this nation well knows that it is still largely your debtor. It owes to you the proud satisfaction that, amidst the constellation of



TEMPLE-BAR, ON THE NIGHT BEFORE THE FUNERAL OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Illustrious warriors who have recently visited our country, we could present to them a leader of our own, to whom all, by common acclamation, conceded the pre-eminence. And when the will of Heaven, and the common destinies of our nation shall have swept away the present generation, you will have left your great name an imperishable monument, exciting others to like deeds of glory, and serving at once to adorn, defend, and perpetuate the existence of this country amongst the ruling nations of the earth.

It now remains only that we congratulate your Grace upon the high and important mission on which you are about to proceed; and we doubt not that the same splendid talents—so conspicuous in war—will maintain, with equal authority, firmness, and temper, our national honour and interests in peace.

During the Speaker's address the cheers were loud and frequent. His Grace then withdrew, making his obeisances in like manner as upon entering the House; and the whole House rising again whilst his Grace was conducted by the sergeant from his chair to the door of the House. The cheers were described as the loudest testimonies of approbation that had ever been heard in the House of Commons, and the cheers in the lobby, &c., were heard for some time after the Duke had left the House. As soon as the excitement had subsided, Lord Castlereagh rose and said:—

Sir, in commemoration of so proud and so grateful a day—a day on which we have had the happiness to witness within these walls the presence of a hero never excelled at any period of the world in the service of this or of any other country;—in commemoration of the elegant manner in which that hero was addressed from the chair on an occasion which must ever be dear to Englishmen, and which will ever shed lustre on the annals of this House, I move, Sir, "that what has been now said by the Duke of Wellington, in returning thanks to the House, together with the Speaker's answer thereto, and the proceedings upon the above occasion, be printed in the votes of the day."

The Speaker having put the question, the same was agreed to *nem. con.*; and thus ended a scene which old and experienced members of Parliament declared had been the most dignified, and at the same time the most affecting proceeding they had ever witnessed in Parliament.

We may briefly notice the thanksgiving day in St. Paul's (July 7, 1814), when the Prince Regent, the Royal Dukes, and the two Houses of Parliament, went in all state to the metropolitan cathedral, to hear the "Te Deum" sung for the restoration of the blessings of peace. The Prince Regent in a state-carriage, drawn by eight cream-coloured horses, was accompanied by the Duke of Wellington, who was warmly greeted by the dense multitudes assembled to witness the most magnificent procession that had been hitherto seen in the streets of the metropolis. The Duke walked on the right hand of the Prince Regent from the carriage to the place of honour in the cathedral, bearing the Sword of State, and afterwards took a seat on the right hand of the Prince. People who had seen his Grace before he left to take the command in Portugal, thought they perceived the marks of six years' incessant labour and anxiety in his countenance. But, since the arrival of the Allied Sovereigns it had become the fashion to discontinue the use of hair powder; and, as the Duke of Wellington had followed the mode, somewhat of the change in his appearance may fairly be attributed to this circumstance.

The Emperor escaped from Elba, and the Duke was appointed Commander of the British Forces on the Continent of Europe. He was assisting at the Congress of Vienna when Napoleon landed in France. Hurrying from Vienna, he joined the army at Brussels on the 11th April, 1815.

In a few weeks London was thrown into a state of intense excitement and wild delight, at the news of the battle of Waterloo. Parliament was sitting; and, four days after the battle, a message from the Prince Regent recommended Parliament to enable his Royal Highness to grant additional provision to Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington.

The Regent's message having been read in the Lords, the Earl of Liverpool uttered a tribute to the Duke's disinterestedness in pecuniary matters, which appears to us to possess great value and interest. He could speak of the Duke from a long personal knowledge of him, and could say, that he never knew a more disinterested man. Since his appointment to high command, there could not but have been many occasions when he must have been in difficult and even distressed circumstances; and yet he had never made any applications for money. He alluded to the time when the Duke, in the Peninsula, had only the staff allowance, without any increase for the maintenance of his table. This must have involved him in considerable difficulties, though, at that time while frequently making applications on behalf of others, he never made any demand for himself.

On Friday, June 23, 1815, Earl Bathurst in the Lords, and Viscount Castlereagh in the Commons, moved the following resolution:—

"That the thanks of this House be given to Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington, for the consummate abilities, unexampled exertions, and irresistible ardour, displayed by him on the 18th June, on which day a splendid and decisive victory was gained over the French army commanded by Bonaparte in person, whereby the glory of the British nation was exalted, and the territories of our ally the King of the Netherlands were protected from spoliation and invasion."

The motion was put and agreed to in both Houses, without dissent and amid loud cheering.

In the Commons, the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed a grant of £200,000, for the purpose of building and furnishing a house, fit for the residence of the Duke of Wellington.

The resolution was unanimously agreed to.

The thanks of both Houses were afterwards voted to many officers of distinction in the Duke's army; and to Marshal Prince Blücher, the Prussian army, and to the allied troops under the Duke's command. A motion was afterwards made in the House of Commons by Lord Castlereagh for an address to the Prince Regent, that he would be pleased to give directions for erecting a national monument in honour of the victory at Waterloo, and in commemoration of those who gloriously fell in achieving it.

With Waterloo ended this great and striking series of thanks, felicitations, and addresses from the grateful Legislature of a free State. With what an incomparable un on of modesty and dignity they were received and acknowledged, has been seen. The Duke of Wellington was, indeed, a "finished model of that respect for the public and for himself which makes the moral grandeur of power."

TEMPLE-BAR ON THE NIGHT BEFORE THE DUKE'S FUNERAL.

WE have already described the funeral decorations which converted the ancient City gateway on both sides into a Roman funeral triumphal arch. But some additional details are necessary to enable the distant reader to imagine the scene presented by Temple-bar on the night before the funeral, when the gigantic flambeaux and silvered urns, giving out huge volumes of gas-flame, threw a lurid light upon the surrounding objects.

The two stories of the funeral arch were indicated by two silver cornices. The lower story was marked out by a large horizontal cornice of very bold projection; and these beautiful cornices being, with the entire enrichments, gilt in silver, stood out in strong relief from the black velvet and black cloth draperies which covered the arch. The draperies were looped up to large rings attached to ten silvered flambeaux, the latter five feet high, and disposed in a oval form on the top of the arch. The black draperies of the curtains were still further relieved by pendent silver wreaths of laurel encircling monograms of the Duke, and also by badges of his numerous orders. The opening of the curtains displayed a rich background of gold tissue, before which was placed the Duke's coat of arms, executed in proper colours, and encompassed by flags and military trophies.

The pediment on each side of the arch were richly hung with black velvet, and relieved by central and boldly-executed trophies gilt in silver. The whole of the lower draperies were formed of black velvet, fringed and relieved by massive white drapery-ropes and tassels in black and white, and by silver ornaments. The projecting portions of the lower cornice over the four piers were sufficiently large to place a lion (the Duke's crest) seated upon his haunches, and bearing a shield.

These striking cornices, enrichments, trophies, flambeaux, and vases, all gilt in silver, reflected back from their glittering surfaces the brilliant flames of gas which streamed out of the flambeaux and urns.

During the whole of the week the streets through which the funeral procession was to pass were a good deal crowded by persons desirous of seeing the preparations. On Wednesday, the popular desire to permeate the route of the procession reached its climax. Never, probably, on any day, not itself a day of show and spectacle, did Fleet-street and the Strand exhibit so dense a tide of human life. The free circulation of the thousands who filled the streets was a good deal impeded by the barriers put up from Temple-bar to St. Paul's, to hinder the crowd upon the foot pavement from breaking in upon the procession. Another cause of obstruction was Temple-bar, which was literally besieged throughout

the day by two meeting and contending streams of pedestrians. The decorations upon Temple-bar aroused popular interest and curiosity in a degree proportioned to their novelty and magnificence; and so compact was the crowd on both sides of the City barrier, that it was almost impossible during the day to fight one's way through the arched foot-paths, and a work of no slight danger to get through the carriage way, so continuous was the influx and reflux of vehicles passing.

At night, when the men of business had retired and left the thoroughfare to the sight-seers, the neighbourhood of Temple-bar presented the crowds and the same appearance as at a public illumination. The pencil of Mr. Dodgson, in the illustration on the preceding page, has succeeded in re-producing for our readers the picturesque scene presented by Temple-bar on Wednesday night; but the moment chosen by the artist was a late hour in the night. If the reader would imagine the scene about nine or ten o'clock, he must fill the roadway along Fleet-street and the Strand with vehicles so close together that a walking pace was alone possible. At Temple-bar, thousands of upturned faces were lit up by the glare from the flambeaux on the top of the Bar; and so crowded were the streets, that to get quickly through the Bar, it was necessary to run under the arched carriage way, at the risk of being crushed against the sides by the wheels, or trodden down by the horses. During all this time, the streets were ankle-deep in mud and water from the incessant rains; and no one was sanguine enough to hope for so brilliant and cloudless a day as broke upon the state obsequies of the Duke. The gas was kept burning all night, and also next morning during the advance of the funeral procession—the urns representing upon this occasion the incense-burners of classic antiquity.

Temple-bar was occupied by Lady Jersey and a party of her friends during the passing of the funeral cortege, not by any favour of the City authorities, but because Lady Jersey being the grand-daughter of old Mr. Child, the banker, and the apartment over Temple-bar having been long rented from the City by that firm as a place of security for books and papers, her Ladyship had the right to occupy the Bar, and to avail herself of so excellent a position for seeing the funeral cortege enter the City.

The construction of the barriers in the City on Tuesday night deserves mention for the sake of the picturesque effects which it produced. The night was thick and rainy; and the pavers who took up the flags at intervals along the kerbstones, and the workmen employed in ramming down the massive beams and nailing the horizontal railing, were assisted by lass holding torches, which blazed away at every three or four yards along Fleet-street. The figures of the stalwart workmen who were plying the mallet and hammer, thus seen by torchlight through the misty night, and the faces of the bystanders and lookers on, produced some striking effects, which would have furnished the old Dutch masters with not a few subjects for their canvas.

The demeanour of the crowds on Wednesday night was in the highest degree orderly and well disposed. The predominance of persons in mourning in the streets gave a gravity to their appearance highly becoming to the occasion, and one which promised well for the good order prevailing on the great day of the funeral.

The great thoroughfares and suburban roads of the metropolis presented an unparalleled scene during the night. Soon after midnight vehicles began to pour in from all points of the compass; and for two or three hours before daybreak there was hardly a high-road leading to the metropolis which did not present the spectacle of a continuous stream of carriages. Now and then a band of pedestrians, who had been walking all night from some suburban town or village, asked the policeman on duty how far it was to Westminster-bridge or Blackfriars; and then, through mud and rain, pursued their toilsome journey with unabated vigour and cheerfulness. Thousands in the metropolis never went to bed at all. How richly all this curiosity and perseverance were rewarded our readers do not now require to be told.

WELLINGTON TRIBUTES.

Being an Answer to certain Correspondents.

THE name of the writers of verse is "Legion." At the present moment they are out like the floods. There is no end of them. They pour upon us without measure—and beyond measure. There is a madness, which like Hamlet's, has a method in it; and this method may serve to the madman for a very suitable and altogether convenient law. But it is a far harder lot to have to methodise the madness of others, and pass them off for sane. This feat we have been expected to accomplish for some scores if not hundreds of individuals, who seem to think that by the Duke of Wellington's death they have in some mysterious manner been gifted with the "fine frenzy," which Shakespeare predicates of the poet, and thereby justified in requesting us to print and publish their verses to his memory. Their number, fortunately, precludes us from the possibility of granting the request of one tithe of them, even if the quality were at all equal to the quantity; and most of the authors have to be reminded of the Italian poet's dictum in regard to good intentions mainly serving for pavement to a certain hopeless but never-needing-to-be-mentioned region. Nevertheless, such acknowledgment as we may be willing to render, and shall pass in review a few of these invaluable copyrights, which have to dead, as we conjecture, no copy-wrong, as Tom Hood phrased it, on either side of the Atlantic.

The mountain Parnassus has steps, or degrees, for all aspirants. At the foot may be seen anxious pilgrims, "numerous as midges in the sunny beam," who have just begun to count their syllables on their finger-tips, but as yet have not learned to count them correctly; and, having no ear, are, besides, totally regardless of rhyme and accent—to say nothing of sense, grammar, or syntax. A few specimens may amuse our readers. The first we light upon claims attention in right of her sex. The lady's qualifications will become apparent in a stanza or two:—

Thou hast coped with the nations and millions in war,
Thou hast sailed on the world, thou Wellington star;
And made England the diamond and wonder of earth;
Thou hast loved her and left her, son of Erin by birth.

Farewell to thee, England, remember me, then,
My heart has been thine, and I've made thee a gem:
I've baffled thy enemies with the sound of my voice—
Then remember, oh, England, the son of thy choice.

Round the brow of our statesman the laurels entwined;
Drop a tear of regret o'er his soul-telling mind.
As ye pass by his tomb, where his ashes are laid,
Breathe a sigh for the great warrior, statesman, and guide.

We cannot compliment our next correspondent on having either the daring vigor or careless elegance of the lady; he is also a trifle more grammatical; but his metre would bear mending, and his diction is not always what it should be. We meet with a jar even in the second line; and some violent compression of a syllable in the first:—

O'er Wellington's death beheld a nation weep,
The soldier and the statesman low lies asleep.

We are also told:—

The laurels he was destined in his life to win,
Have been throughout the world most dearly seen!

In verse equally valuable, the various victories of Wellington are recounted, in lines varying from ten to fourteen or fifteen syllables, doubtless to the great convenience of the writer, and to be justified only on that principle. Of the manner of their celebration, a few lines will give some notion:—

Assays and Argau he brought to know their fate,
For which he was awarded a *Secord and Plate*.
At Copenhagen he went the chairs to settle,
And here alike displays a warrior's mettle.

A little of such "poetry" will satiate the most voracious reader.

Our next rhymist dates from Chambers' printing-office, Edinburgh. The writer has not yet learned to spell, but he has an uncle, an old veteran, who "followed the Duke's army through the Peninsular campaign," and who says "people say that they like about the Duke's severity to his soldiers—but he says he had to be severe, for he had a strange set to deal with—and, he says further, that he never could have kept his command, had he not [shown an example by hanging some of them]." The writer, who gives this important information, thus continues his uncle's narrative:—"And now since he (meaning the Duke) is gone," "he (meaning his uncle) is still in the same mind, that the Duke's

courage was surprising. He has seen him riding along the line, encouraging his men, when the balls were flying like hail, and never cowering nor seeking shelter behind ditches or rocks, as some have stated." After this specimen of the young printer's prose, our readers will scarcely desire his poetry; but they may take our word for it, that it is rather worse than better.

Another correspondent rises to his highest flight in the following concluding stanza of his brief lyric:—

With heart-felt grief, thy loss deplore,
The brightest jewel in Victory's crown—
Has death ta'en from its setting. No more
Shall mortal eye see that gem of world renown.

This writer also needs a lesson in orthography. Another, too, spells "Britannia" with two i's, perhaps for the sake of emphasis; and, in order to be just, both to the tutelary goddess and the land she protects, repeats the surplus literal in "Brittain." One truth, however, he tells in apostrophising the departed:—

The proud ones of the world, and all of high degree,
Exalted higher are by justly honouring thee.

The lame, the halt, and the deaf accumulate upon us. The next manuscript ode we adventure upon begins:—

When I first heard of the Warrior's death,
It amazed my soul and stopped my breath.

Notwithstanding this estoppel of his breath—which, of course, is nothing but a sublime poetical exaggeration—the writer spins from his fertile brains some fifty verses, which he piquantly entitles, "Shadows of the late Duke of Wellington." Such shadows! The seer sees his hero in the different scenes of his career, and records his second seeing in such stanzas as this, and so spelled:—

I see the Martial Pier by his Sovereign's side
With nobe form supporting the Sword of State,
Graced with honours England's pride,
Titles of his fame to many to numerate."

The author, however, is not always so "coldly correct" in his "like endings." The following is a daring exception:—

I see the Minister of State in British boards
With sovereign trust the nation ruling,
Amid the gaze of peers and Lords,
A nation's policy and statesman's powers diffusing.

Strange to say, the advantages of education, even such as is accorded by our universities, do not secure writers, when they attempt verse, from falling into solecisms and errors. Here now is a poem dated from "College, Cambridge," which opens thus fatally:—

Oh raise the banners high that waved of yore
Triumph, and o'er the blood-stained fields of Spain,
And rouse again to life those canorous' roar
That rolled their thunders o'er the Belgic plain.

In the next stanza we are twice told to "let them wave and let them roar;" and in the third, his knell "rouses nobles" and "wakes the savage." A few stanzas on, the last trump shall "rouse and call them;" and a little afterwards the Spaniard is commanded to remember "how armies back, like tiding tides, would roll." Thus, it would appear, that in the first stanza just quoted, we have the writer's entire stock of poetic diction. "Wave," "rouse," "rouse," "roll," do persistent service through some eighteen stanzas, in which there is not one suggestive of an image or a thought worth a moment's consideration.

But this is better than the song of the "Mocking Bird." A Disraeli in verse robs the ode on General Moore of its structure and tone, and thus transfers it to Wellington:—

Through the courts of St. Paul's rolled the music along,
As the body was borne before us;
Not a voice disturbed the meditative throng,
Not a sound broke the swell of the chorus.

And thus through the remaining stanzas.

A heavy charge of mediocrity lies against "Lines occasioned by the late Duke's Death." The Republican party is described as:—

These who bent their frowns
On Kings, and crushed their crowns?

This writer also tells us that our hero

Hath lost his living breath,
And marched the roads of death,
And comes no more.

But enough of such platitudes. We harken to another quarry. Here we have a Doctor of Divinity, a clergyman of the Church of England, who commends his production to us in the following mysterious terms, which he repeats in a second and third letter, "As an elegy that, from its English verbiage and terse style, harmonises with the character of him whom it commemorates." What can a D.D. and a rector of an English parish mean by this same "verbiage"—of "verbiage," too, harmonising with the Duke of Wellington, who never was guilty of using it, and consoling with a "terse style." It is plain that this learned gentleman does not understand the language in which he writes. We suspect that he means to commend his poem as an example of pure Saxon English; but what hope may we entertain that such a man can write either English, or Saxon, or French, who, being classically educated, and having obtained a Doctor's degree, could fall into such an error? The Elegy, however, has a Greek motto, from Luke's Gospel. This, however, does not preclude similar misappropriations of terms in his stanzas. The writer is an ecclesiastical male *Malaprop*, and cannot conceal his relationship. He begins with piously dearing that we should not say of his hero that he is either "departed" or "gone," though dead, and then proceeds:—

Oh no, we are not persuaded,
Thou hast fourscore years have flown,
That vigorous mind is faded,
That iron frame broke down.

Surely, no man, knowing the meaning of the word "faded" would have used it in reference to a corpse, notwithstanding the hard necessity of rhyme, had he cultured his mind in the precise significance of words. What, moreover, do the following four lines mean?

The life that eye was guarded
By Providence on high,
Which thousand dangers ward'd,
Drove thousand perils by!

Before we can admit the reverend Doctor's poetry into our columns he must really consult the English dictionary for the "verbiage" which he vainly thinks he has already mastered.

We take a leap at once from the pulpit to the level of Grub-street. In a Seven-dials halfpenny broad-sheet, adorned with a choice woodcut, we know what we have to expect. The thing, too, has become already part of the land's literature, and maintains an existence independent of criticism. We make no apology, therefore, for presenting the following characteristic eulogium on the "Death of the Duke of Wellington." There is, with all its bad grammar and metre, a smack of the true old Percy ballad about it; and it is evidently the genuine production of one of our Catnach regulars:—

DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

O Britons give ear to these lines I relate—
There was never a General more bolder;
The leader in war, the pilot in state,
A noble and gallant old soldier.
Respected, revered, beloved, too, and feared,
No tyrant did e'er dare molest him;
He is gone, he is dead, his bold spirit hath fled—
The Duke of Wellington's gone, and God rest him!

In the Councils of State of old England's fate
Our Queen he did oft call upon her;
He is gone, we may say, aged near 83,
Full of age, full of glory and honour.
He fought and he conquer'd in France and in Spain—
No power on earth could molest him;
And at great Waterloo he made money to rue:
But he now is no more, and God rest him!

He at Walmer did die; in his shroud he doth lie—
The glory and pride of Britannia;
He made tyrants to quake, and the world for to shake—
Our gallant and noble commander.
He was never seen fret; death and danger he met,
And the friends of Britannia oft bless'd him;
He has gone to that home where he'll never return—
Our gallant old Duke, God rest him!

He never fear'd war's alarms; when the drum beat to arms
He acted bold, upright, and steady,
He in glory would race, the foe to engage,
To conquer or die he was ready.
A true gallant soldier of fame and renown,
As a General well did adore him;
He made tyrants relent, wherever he went,
And Emperors trembled before him.

Death sent him a summons to call him away
From the castle of Walmer, near Dover,
He resign'd when it came, all his honour and fame,
And said now the battle is over.
The enemies' weapons he coldly defied,
They trembled and fear'd to molest him,
In honour he lived, in glory he died—
The Duke he has gone, God rest him!

In sad anguish so deep, Victoria did weep,
When the tidings Britannia sad told her,
She in grief did deplore, and she said never more
Will Britannia behold her old soldier.
Long in famed history he recorded shall be,
In the garment of death they have laid him;
In glory and fame he'll no more march—gain—
Our noble old Duke, God rest him!

Having thus commenced, we will proceed with other printed documents, which it has been unreasonably expected that we should reprint. First are "Elegiac Stanzas, by Thomas R. J. Polson"—for which Moore has evidently supplied the model. They will not do, however. In the last stanza, the bard of Enniskillen proposes that a Temple of Peace should be erected as a memorial of this hero, and concludes with stating that—

This temple already seems raised to his honour,
Let Fame, therefore, take the sad duty upon her,
To write an inscription with exquisite finish,
Which Time shall but brighten instead of diminish!

And thus, with breaking Friscian's head, Mr. Polson, most "exquisitely fin shes" his example of stanza-writing, like a true Liberman. And her egregious rhymers, whose name we refrain from quoting, although he has himself printed it, speculates somewhat profanely as to the reception which will be accorded to Wellington by the illustrious dead who have preceded him:—

There the souls of just Britons will joyfully meet thee.
In the happy assembly where love ever glows,
Great Alfred and Harold will fervently greet thee,
And the famed virgin Queen too, adored by her foes.

Nor will there be wanting the loyal devotion
Of the patriots Eglamour, Raleigh, and Blake;
Gallant Rodney, Wolfe, Moore, and the guardian of the ocean,
Even Nelson, whose constancy death could not shake!

There also will greet thee the stars of the senate—
Pitt, Wilberforce, Burke, and thy confident Peel,
Who discreetly revised his political testament—
How congenial the feelings all these must reveal!

In the printed form, too, we have an ode, evidently aiming at the style and rhythm of the laureate's poem. We should not at all wonder if the author thought his the better of the twain. We may take this as a true specimen of "verbiage," neither terse nor English, with plenty of the true *Malaprop* grace in its diction, and the lyric lisp in its hit, of which Mr. Pennington, it must be acknowledged, has been rather too free in the use himself. But the laureate's capricious can be reduced to cadence and law. Our present rhymers boldly despise both, and pursue his own course, regardless of rule. The first sextrain characterizes the whole:—

Oh, Wellington! o'er thy bier,
We shed a tributary tear;
For in the field thou hast been brave,
Willing thy country's glory to save.
E'er dashing in peril and strife,
And cool when cannon balls were rife.

"Were hot," would have made a better antithesis between the beginning and end of the line. In the next we have something to match the "amazing swiftness" of Tate and Brady.

Thy mind, with thy greatness rising,
As Alpine heights, so surprising—

which epithet so "surprises" the writer into an ecstasy, that he forgets to supply the verb to the nominative "mind," and so leaves the sentence for ever unfinished. The reader will, probably, guess that the remainder of the composition is mean; but will scarcely be prepared for such flashes as these:—

Of Waterloo we oft will tell,
Where many a bold hero fell;
And thy renown for ever seal'd,
When the hearts of Frenchmen failed.
In fancy's ear is heard the sound,
To which British hearts rebound;
When loud proclaims the thrilling cry,
Victory! as Wellington drew nigh.
"Up, Guards! and at them," the hero
Spoke,
Words of magic charm to break the yoke
Of Bonaparte's fell power,
Which o'er Europe's world did loom,
In distant lands thy name is known,
We Britons hail thee for our own.

Of thy warlike deeds the glory,
And thy laurels so gory,
Have due mead of praises won.
We would not let thee go so soon,
Though thou didst enjoy a long day,
Free from martial bruit and fray.
But thou hast left thy earthly re-
nown,
For a brighter and happier crown;
Therefore for thee we'll not sorrow,
Thinking bitterly of to-morrow.
While 'round our hearts hope is gleam-
ing,
And our eyes with pleasure beaming.

This comes of setting a bad example in style. Here is bathos for bathos, with a vengeance. "Within the lowest deep," it would seem, as Milton said, "A lower deep still yawns."

Thou hast left a ne'er dying fame,
While valor and worth shall remain,
To other heroes a bright star,
Shedding thy luminous light afar.

The rhythm of the last line is something delicious. In the last couplet we are confidentially informed—

The hero lives in the poet's lines,
In glory in the tomb he reclines.

If he had no better chance of living than in such lines as these, the destiny of the hero of Waterloo would be singularly desperate. Enough of this pertinacious gentleman. We must now introduce another of the tribe, who has not yet learned either to count or spell one who loudly calleth—

England, O England, mourn for the brave!

And concludes with asking—

And to whom did you that great victory owe,
Was it not to Wellington our gallant hero?

We regret that we cannot extend our approbation to a long poem by the Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, who, we should think, had conspired with our D.D., in presenting us with a specimen of "English verbiage." To another lady, M. W. C., we can speak kindly and truly; but they manifest poetic feeling, and show a delicacy of touch which promises future elegance.

The poems that remain for examination are ambitious; and for more than one the "usual remuneration" is demanded. We must now, therefore, be careful, and assume, like Mephistopheles, the doctor's toga. To W. T. Y. we beg to remark, that seven heroic couplets do not make a sonnet; a certain disposition of rhymes is needful to accomplish that feat. To S. M. M. we would intimate that "Freedom" and "read on" are not rhymes that leave us "free" to "read on;" and accordingly we yield to the necessity of stopping at the third stanza. Ere we "shuffle off" the MS., however, the last two lines arrest our attention:—

For thou, of her sons, was the greatest in story,
And who may he be, that shall stand in thy room?

To E. H. we respectfully reply that we cannot accept such literal renderings as the following for oracular interpretations:—

The vanquish'd Bonaparte,
In spite of mad ambition,
Made pitiful smiles on;
Then burst his mighty heart!
Whilst Wellington's high mission,
Was crowned with glory then;
And first of living men
Was his sublime position.

When, from a long and toilsome war,
Arrived the gallant Wellington;
And, brighter than the Ducal star
Upon his breast, his brave deeds shone;
Foremost the British Commons were
On him bright honours to confer.

Such is the spawn of verse to which "great occasions" give birth. The public may judge of editorial responsibilities by being thus "occasionally" made aware of the unconscionable amount of trash that has to be waded through, in order to do justice to the possible merit that may be somewhere hid in the heap—the solitary diamond among the rubbish. We feel confident that the examples we have given will speak for themselves, and demonstrate the large proportion of the worthless to even the merely tolerable. Having vindicated our diligence and equity, we leave the proofs and the results to the judgment of the reader.

J. A. H.

OLIVER CROMWELL'S STATE FUNERAL.

HAVING already noticed the State Funerals bestowed on some of England's greatest heroes, we this week recur to that of the Lord Protector Oliver Cromwell, whose interment, it is alleged by the historians of the day, was conducted with a pomp which exceeded in magnificence that of any crowned head of these realms.

Whatever contempt Cromwell, before he became Protector, entertained towards Royalty, and every ceremony and ensign by which it was denoted, it is patent that no sooner was he invested with the power, than he assumed the pageantry of a King. When he obtained the Protectorate, the escutcheon of Cromwell was invariably placed in the centre of the national ensign (substituted for those of Royalty), and both upon



CROMWELL LYING IN STATE.—FROM A CONTEMPORARY PRINT.

his standards and coins. His funeral was truly regal, "far too costly and magnificent for such an archetrayte," as he was indignantly termed by the "Harleian" Chronicler. Somerset House was selected for the lying in state of Cromwell; and it is a strange coincidence, that the body of General Monk, who upset Cromwell's system of Government, also lay in state at the same place. The following description of the lying in state we take from "Noble's Memoirs of the Protectoral House of Cromwell," the ceremonial of the funeral being from one of the *Harleian MSS.*, which itself is a leaf from the *Mercurius Politicus*, the newspaper of the day.

The following is the manner of the Lying in State:—"The corpse of his late Highness having been embalmed, and wrapped in a sheet of lead, was, on the 26th day of Sept., 1658, about ten o'clock at night, privately removed from Whitehall to Somerset House, being only attended by his own domestic officers and servants, as the Lord Chamberlain and Comptroller of the Household, the Gentlemen of the Life-guard, the Guard of Halberdiers, and divers other officers and servants; two Herald-at-Arms went next before the corpse, which was placed in a mourning hearse, drawn by six horses, in which manner it was carried to Somerset House, where it remained some days in private until things were in readiness to expose it in state to a public view, which was performed with the following order and ceremony:—The first room at Somerset House, where the spectators entered (formerly the presence chamber), was completely hung with black; at the upper end whereof was placed a cloth of state, with a chair of state under the same. The second large room, formerly the privy chamber, was hung with black, with a cloth and chair of state under the same. The third room, formerly the withdrawing room, was hung with black cloth, with a chair of state in it, as the former. All which three large rooms were completely furnished with scutcheons of his Highness's arms, crowned with the Imperial crown; and at the head of each cloth of state was fixed a large majestic scutcheon, finely painted and gilt, upon taffy. The fourth room, where both the corpse and effigies did lie, was completely hung with black velvet, and the roof was celled with velvet; and a large canopy, or cloth of state, of black velvet, fringed, was placed over the effigies—made to the life, in wax. The effigies itself being apparelled in a rich suit of uncut velvet; robed in a little robe of purple velvet, laced with a rich gold lace, and furred with ermins. Upon the kirtle was the Royal large robe, of the like purple velvet, laced and furred with ermins, with rich strings and tassels of gold; the kirtle being gilt with a rich embroidered belt, whereon was a fair sword, richly gilt, and hatched with gold, hanging by the side of the effigies. In the right hand was the golden sceptre, representing government; in the left hand the globe, denoting principality; upon the head a purple velvet cap, furred with ermin, signifying regality. Behind the head was placed a rich chair of state, of tissue gold, and upon the cushion which lay thereon was placed an Imperial crown, set with precious stones. The body of the effigies lay upon a bed of state, covered with a large pall of black velvet, under which there was spread a fine Holland sheet, upon six stools of tissue cloth of gold. On the side of the bed of state was placed a rich suit of complete armour, representing his late Highness's command as General. At the feet of the effigies stood his crest, according to the custom of ancient monuments.

The bed of state, whereon the effigies did thus lie, was ascended unto by two steps, covered with the aforesaid pall of velvet, the whole work being compassed about with rails and ballasters covered with velvet; at each corner where of there was placed an upright pillar covered with velvet, upon the tops whereof were the four supporters of the Imperial arms, bearing banners or streamers crowned. The pillars were adorned with trophies of military honour, carved and gilt; the pedestals of the pillars had shields and crowns, gilt, which completed the whole work. Within the rails and ballasters stood eight great silver candlesticks or standarts, almost five feet high, with virgin-wax tapers of three feet long; next unto the candlesticks there were set upright in sockets the four great standards of his Highness's arms, the guydons, great banners, and banrolls of war, being all of taffy, very richly gilt and painted. The cloth of state, which covered the bed and the effigies, had a majestic scutcheon; and the whole room was fully and completely adorned with taffy scutcheons; several of his late Highness's gentlemen attending bare-headed round about the bed of state in mourning, and other servants

waiting in the other rooms to give directions to the spectators, and to prevent disorder. After which, the effigies was several days shown in another room, standing upon an ascent under a rich cloth of state, vested in Royal robes, having a sceptre in one hand, and a globe in the other, a crown on his head, his armour lying by him at a distance; and the banner, banrolls, and standards being placed round about him, together with the other ensigns of honour. The whole room, which was spacious, being adorned in a majestic manner; and several of his late Highness's gentlemen attending about the effigies bare-headed, in which manner the effigies continued until the solemnization of the funeral.

"On the 23d of November, the day appointed for the funeral, the effigies having been beheld by those persons of honour and quality which came to attend it, it was removed and placed on a hearse, richly adorned and set forth with scutcheons and other ornaments, the effigies itself being vested with Royal robes, sceptre, &c., as given above. After it had been awhile thus placed in the middle of the room, when the time came that it was to be removed into the carriage, it was carried on the hearse by ten of the gentlemen of his Highness's forth into the court, where a canopy of state very rich, was borne over it by six other gentlemen till it was brought and placed on the carriage, at each end whereof was a seat, wherein sat two of the gentlemen of his Highness's bedchamber, the one at the head, the other at the feet of the effigies. The pall, being made of velvet and fine linen, was very large, extending on each side of the carriage, to be borne by persons of honour appointed for that purpose. The carriage itself was adorned with plumes and scutcheons, and was drawn by six horses, covered with black velvet, each of them likewise adorned with plumes of feathers.

"From Somerset House to Westminster the streets were railed in and strewn with sand, and all along the way through the Strand on each side of the streets soldiers were placed without the rails, their ensigns wrapt in cypress mourning veils. The persons in mourning who attended the solemnity were very numerous.

"The manner of the proceeding to the interment was briefly this:—First, a Knight-Marshal advanced on horseback with his black truncheon, tipped at both ends with gold, attended by his deputy and thirteen men on horseback, to clear the way. After him followed the poor men of Westminster in mourning gowns and hoods, marching two by two; next unto them followed the servants to persons of all qualities, who attended the funeral; also, all the servants of his Highness, as well inferior as superior, as well those within his household as without, bargemen, watermen, &c.; the servants and officers of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of the City of London; gentlemen attendants on public Ministers and Ambassadors; Poor Knights of Windsor, in gowns and hoods; secretaries, clerks, and other officers belonging to the Army, Admiralty, Treasury, Navy, and Exchequer offices; officers in command of the fleet; officers in command of the army; Commissioners of Excise and of the Army; Committee of the Navy; Commissioners of Appropriation of Preachers; officers and clerks belonging to the Privy Council; clerks of the Council; clerks of both Houses of Parliament; his Highness's physicians; head officers of the army; the chief officers and aldermen of London; Masters in Chancery; counsellors; Judges of the Admiralty; Masters of Requests; Judges in Wales; Barons of the Exchequer;

Judges of both Benches; the Lord Mayor of London; persons allied in blood to his Highness; the members of the Houses of Lords and Commons; public Ministers and Ambassadors of foreign States and Princes; then the Holland Ambassador, alone, whose train was borne up by four gentlemen; next to him the Portugal Ambassador, whose train was borne up by four Knights of the Order of Christ; and, thirdly, the French Ambassador, whose train was also held up by four persons of quality; Lords Commissioners of the Great Seal; Lords Commissioners of the Treasury; the Lords of the Privy Council; the Chief Mourner, and those persons that were his assistants. A great part of those of the nobler sort were in close mourning, the rest in ordinary.

"They were divers hours in passing, and in their passage disposed into several divisions, each division being distinguished by drums and trumpets, a standard or a banner borne by a person of honour and his assistant, and a horse covered and led: of which horses four were covered with black cloth and seven with velvet. These being passed in their order, at length followed the carriage with the effigies. On each side of the carriage were borne the banrolls, being twelve in number, by twelve persons of honour; and several pieces of his Highness's armour were borne by eight honourable persons, officers in the army. After those noble persons that supported the pall followed Garter King-at-Arms, attended by a gentleman on each side, bareheaded; next him the Chief Mourner and those lords and noble persons that were supporters and assistants to the Chief Mourner; next followed the horse of honour, in a very rich equipage, led in a long rein by the Master of the Horse. In the close followed the guard of halberdiers and the warders of the Tower.

"The whole ceremony was managed with very great state to Westminster, many thousands of people being spectators. At the west gate of the Abbey Church the hearse, with the effigies thereon, was taken off the carriage by those ten gentlemen who moved it before, who passing on to enter the church, the canopy of state was, by the same persons, borne over it again, and in this magnificent manner they carried it to the east end of the abbey, and placed in a noble structure, which was raised there on purpose to receive it, where it remained some time exposed to public view, the corpse having been some days before interred in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, in a vault prepared for the same.

"The hearse, or bed of state, where-in the effigies did lie in Westminster Abbey, was thus adorned, his effigies curiously made to the life was habited in a fine shirt of Holland lace; a doublet and breeches of the Spanish fashion, which was with great skirts, and close at the knees, being made of uncut velvet of a gray colour; with silk stockings, shoe-strings and garters suitable, richly laced with gold lace, black Spanish leather shoes, and gold buttons; upon this, a suit of purple velvet, coming as low as the knee, richly laced with gold lace; over this a Royal robe of purple velvet, being about four yards long, lined with crimson richly laced with gold lace, and rich cordings and bosses of purple and gold, with a fair gilt sword about him: a rich crown on his head beset with stones of various colours: a mound in his left hand, a sceptre in his right hand; band and cuffs of the best Holland and richly laced (and is laid on a pall of velvet of four score yards, and that on a sheet of sixty ells of Holland); that on a cloth of state, cushion of the same under his Highness's head; that on a quilt laid upon a frame of wood beautifully carved. His head lay to the east and upper end of the church, his feet to the west or lower end of the same. On each side were places made where stood his Highness's armour, richly gilt; at the foot, coat, mantle, helmet and crest, sword and target, a great lion, gilded spurs, gauntlets; all these within a rail blacked and gilded, supported with fair pillars or columns, whose capitals were richly gilded and based, and all being adorned within and without with scutcheons, and five majestic scutcheons, and with great and small embossed shields, pennons, pennonells, crowned escrolls of several mottoes and badges, all which were completely done by the six painters appointed by the Council. The banners, bandrolls, standards, independent of the standards of England, Ireland, and Scotland, were very numerous, all bore the mottoes of Cromwell's family in its varied branches, and were made of rich silk, and were arranged about the effigies, under the direction of Mr. Bishe, Garter King-at-Arms. At the Restoration the above magnificent hearse was broken in pieces, and the effigies of Cromwell, after hanging from a window at Whitehall, shared the same fate.

"And this," says the reporter of the *Mercurius Politicus*, "is the last ceremony of honour, and less could not be performed to the memory of him to whom posterity will pay (when envy is laid asleep by time), more honour than we are able to express."

The whole expense of this magnificent funeral amounted to the then enormous sum of £28,000; the poor undertaker, a Mr. Kolt, according to authentic record "being paid but a small portion, if any, of his bill."



FUNERAL OF THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—ARRIVAL OF THE CAR AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

Literature.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

EGYPT, NUBIA, PALESTINE, et SYRIE. DESSINS PHOTOGRAPHIQUES REQUISITS PENDANT les ANNEES 1849, 1850, et 1851; et accompagnés d'un Texte Explicatif. Par MAXIME DU CAMP. Paris: Gide et J. Baudry.

The PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUM. Part II.—Bogue.

When Arago introduced the discovery of Daguerre to the attention of the French Academy of Sciences, he, in the course of his address, speculated on the probable employment of the Daguerriotype by the Egyptian Institute for copying the Temple of Thebes and the Tombs of Karnao, with their myriads of hieroglyphics. The iodised silver tablet of Daguerre was tried for this purpose, both in Egypt and in Central America; but, from causes not then understood, it failed to receive a perfect impression of the objects illuminated by the cloudless sun of southern climes. The calotype process of Mr. Fox Talbot was subsequently introduced; and upon paper prepared according to the directions of the English experimentalist, French travellers are now doing most perfectly that which they failed to effect by the discovery they purchased from their own great diorama painter, Daguerre. The cause of this is not generally understood; and it is not easy, in short compass, to make it perfectly intelligible; we shall, however, attempt, in as few words as possible, to convey this information.

The agent by which the chemical change necessary for the production of any photographic picture is brought about, is not the luminous principle of the sun's rays—nor is it the calorific power. In common phrase, it is neither the light nor the heat of the sun which is active in producing the phenomena of photography; but a third agency, exhibiting physical powers of an entirely different order. This chemical power has been called Actinism, or ray-power; and the agencies with which it is always associated—light and heat—are in antagonistic relation to it; that is, the excess of either of the latter powers reduces the energy of the former one. It is found, by careful analysis of the sun-beam, at different seasons of the year, that the quantity, or energy of these principles is constantly varying; and observation has gone far to prove that similar deviations prevail in different latitudes. Hence the uniformity of those zones of vegetable growth which are detected on the globe are referred to variations in the physical condition of the solar rays. As light and heat increase, actinic or chemical power declines; and thus it is that preparations more sensitive than the iodised plate of Daguerre became necessary for the reception of pictures in those climes, of which the light is "one unclouded splendour," and the chemical radiation, consequently, comparatively weak.

The calotype-paper, particularly as modified by recent experiments of English, French, and Italian photographers, is now prepared in that peculiar state for receiving a decided impression from those radiations which, though strong in light, are weak in actinism. The Colloclon process displays this property yet more decidedly, so that we have now the means of adjusting our sensitive tablets to the conditions of our own temperate climes, or to those of the inter-tropical climes, where

The sun shines for ever unchangeably bright.

The French have been the first to avail themselves of this improved knowledge, and the publication at the head of this article is the result of their enterprise. The patent restrictions, which shackled the art in this country, have been the principle cause of our losing that priority in a great step, which otherwise we should, without doubt, have maintained. These are, however, now removed, and in the "Photographic Album," published by Mr. Bogue, we have the first fruits of photographic freedom.

M. Maxime du Camp, being charged with an archaeological mission to the East, by the Minister of Public Instruction, availed himself of photography to secure for his countrymen and the world truth-telling representations of those scenes and sites which religion and history have hallowed by their associations.

Egypt, Nubia, Palestine, and Syria are countries which but few can visit; yet they are, all and each, associated so closely with the Christian faith, and the story of the progress of civilisation, that every intelligent reader desires to be familiarised with those distant lands. The pencil of the sun-beam has painted, in all nature's truth, the temples and the tombs which rose under the influence of the mysterious belief in the gods of the Nile. In the photographic pictures before us we have the gigantic works of the Pharaohs and the earlier Egyptian Kings, drawn as they now remain, half buried in the encroaching sands of the desert. The series of 125 plates gives us the most truth-telling views of mosques of Cairo and the tombs of Sultans; the Pyramid of Cheops and the Sphinx, those eternal mysteries; and the Temples of Denderah, of Luxor, and of Karnao; the Statue of Memnon, those colossal monoliths which proclaim the engineering skill of the Egyptians; and other scenes and subjects from that strange land. From Palestine we have the Mosque of Omar, the church of the Holy Sepulchre. Syria furnishes views from the Temple of Jupiter, and the other relics of that poetical mythology which saw dimly, as through a mist, the spiritual power behind external nature, with the ruins of which Baalbeck is now spread.

Such is the remarkable story told to the eye of the student at home by those pictures. We are now familiarised with their productions; the magic, which was connected with the phenomenon of fixing a shadow has passed away; and, although the philosophy of those changes on which their development depends remains still shrouded in mystery, we look upon a photograph as a common thing. The value of the art is but now becoming manifest—we believe it is destined to prove a medium of instruction of a most important kind, and we hail this most beautiful publication by Gide and Baudry as the forerunner of a great work.

A word on the purely photographic merits of the two publications. The Parisian photographs are distinguished by a much more perfect knowledge of the capabilities, and of the difficulties of photography than those in the English "Album." In the first, there is strength, decision of outline, and a perfection of details, which we cannot discover in the latter. Some of the views of the walls of the Temple of Denderah, covered with hieroglyphics, are very remarkable examples of this. The pictures bear impressed upon them all the stern gloom of the original; they are in deep shadow, and the hieroglyphics are darker still. Yet the effect is almost stereoscopic; and after gazing steadily at the images for a few seconds, it is difficult to believe that you are not actually gazing upon a porphyritic wall, covered with engravings, into the hollow of which you look. Here and there we have evidences of those imperfections which yet cling to photography, and which can only be removed by the most searching examination into the causes in operation to produce its primary phenomena. In the photographs of Fenton and Delamotte these are far more glaring; it is, indeed, evident that both operators are yet unacquainted with the conditions by which Mr. Buckle, and Messrs. Ross and Thompson, in this country; Martin and Blanquet Everard, in France; and Flacheron, in Rome, are enabled to secure three distances in their pictures, and a graduated scale of effects between their high lights and deep shadows. The uniform colour of the French photographs adds much to their perfection; this is, we believe, attained by the use of neutral chloride of gold, after the ordinary process of fixing has been gone through.

The Crystal Palace Company are about to secure the great Egyptian Obelisk. Let us suggest to them, that the whom they employ in this task should be instructed to obtain photographic views of the interesting ruins by which they will be surrounded, under the conditions required for the stereoscope, and of a large size. Thus they might indeed realise to every visitor the wondrous avenues of the Egyptian temples; they might add to these those relics of Greece which have yet escaped the ravages of time and the hands of man, with other works of human art and industry, which would tell the tale of the progress of our race through the night of ignorance and superstition unto that light of Christian civilisation which is yet advancing to a more lustrous meridian brightness.

A FORTNIGHT IN IRELAND. By SIR FRANCIS B. HEAD. John Murray, Albemarle-street.

Another book has been added to the many already written upon that fruitful subject—Ireland; and its author (Sir Francis Head), like each of his predecessors, professes not only to furnish us with "a true and particular" account of the causes which have led to the moral and social degradation of the Irish peasantry, but also to designate the remedies which must infallibly and speedily operate a great national regeneration. Unlike, however, the generality of those who have already handled this knotty question, Sir Francis Head lays no claim to "local knowledge," or "long residence," or "intimate acquaintance with the wants and wishes of the people," whose grievances he proposes to redress. Nor has he recourse to any of those various other clay-traps on which puffing writers base their pretensions to instruct us, for the purpose of enlisting our sympathies in his behalf—not at all: he boldly avows an utter ignorance of his subject, and then gallantly rushes, unaided by hand-book or advice, to perform what was generally considered, before his successful achievement, as an all but hopeless undertaking. A fortnight was the time originally allotted for the completion of his task; but confidential communications with the peasantry and the police, during a five days' trip through what was represented to him as the most distressed district of the country sufficed; and then, our clever tourist, considering further inquiry superfluous, returned to town, fully prepared to undertake the solution of a difficulty which had previously puzzled so many wise heads, and baffled the efforts of so many able statesmen.

Sir Francis Head is a graphic and an agreeable writer; full of vivacity and kindness, ever alive to what is passing around him, with a keen perception of the ludicrous, and a heart full of tenderness for the innocence of youth or the misfortunes of old age, he carries his readers rapidly and pleasantly along his sometimes devious path. His sketches of persons or places are invariably true to nature; and he is equally happy in his descriptions, whether the subject be a graceful girl or a "speckle-skinned" crone; a glorious landscape, studded with lakes and mountains, or a smoky cabin, with the pig ("the gentleman that pays the rent") tranquilly luxuriating amidst congenial muck in its warmest corner. Nothing seems to come amiss to his versatile pen, from the majestic outline of Croagh Patrick to "the gentle oscillations of a donkey's tail." We cannot, however, compliment Sir Francis on his Irish phraseology, which is much too cockneyish; nor on his attention to the names of streets and places, which are often incorrectly given.

Commencing in Dublin, our tourist took a hasty glance at the exterior of its public buildings (whose very names he refused to hear from his barefooted guide, so stern was his resolve to reject all communicated information), then he traversed the Park to wait upon the Viceroy; afterwards he visited the national model school, of which he draws a very charming picture; and then inspected the constabulary, whose discipline and personal appearance he loudly praises: he gives us a minute description of their appointments and height, but he slightly errs in enumerating their duties (they do not "act as auctioneers for the sale of distress"). Next he proceeded to Maynooth, where he dined with the professors, after having been politely conducted over the establishment; and there having made personal acquaintance with the three requisite agents for Irish civilisation—Religion, Education, and Physical Force—he committed himself to a railway carriage, containing card tables and beds, and fairly started on his voyage of discovery.

During his five days' progress, Sir Francis invariably visited the police barracks, which he found uniformly clean, and he sometimes explored cabins, which he found as uniformly dirty. He instituted the most rigid inquiries as to the morality of Irish women, and elicited such remarkable facts as led him to form a very high estimate of their virtue. He conversed with car-boys, and sought from those oracles of truth an explanation of all the misery he saw around him. He consulted dispossessed tenants, touching the propriety of eviction for non-payment of rent; and broken-down publicans, regarding the effects produced upon trade by the removal of a whiskey-drinking population; and then, when brimful of information derived from such impartial sources, he seems to hesitate as to whether the system, which is now rapidly converting Ireland into a well-cultivated country with a well-paid labouring population be really preferable to that which would leave the land "in weeds" (the witticism is his) mourning for the sufferings of its late or present occupants.

The second book of "A Fortnight in Ireland," contains a transcript of certain dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church—by the by, Sir Francis does not say where he found them—and extracts from letters and speeches of Catholic agitators, lay and clerical (long familiar to the public), which throw but little light on the subject sought to be elucidated, and reflect still less credit on those who have spoken or written them. It is but justice, however, to the Irish Catholics to say that such effusions emanated from notoriously intemperate persons, during a period of great political and religious excitement; and it is quite certain, that if Sir Francis Head consulted the archives of Exeter Hall, or the local press of Lancashire after the Stockport riots, he might easily have selected quite as objectionable, and quite as unchristian speeches delivered on the opposite side. To republish such documents, which can serve no other possible purpose than that of resuscitating ill-feeling, we conceive to be a most objectionable practice, and particularly unpardonable in a writer who professes to deprecate the existence of religious feuds, and to wish sincerely for "peace on earth to men of good will."

In his search after truth, Sir Francis Head hit upon a novel mode of attaining his object. With the exception of the police (who are strictly forbidden to speak on political subjects, and whose feelings regarding the land question, may naturally be supposed to lean towards the class from which they are taken)—he betook himself for information to precisely those persons who were most likely to deceive, and most interested in misleading him; and the consequence is, that when he comes to trace effects up to causes, he proves himself to be totally deficient in the knowledge requisite to render his conclusions either equitable or true. The Irish "car-boy" is proverbially a "chaffer," and generally the most efficient agent of the secret societies. Before committing the "beast and car" to his guidance, "the master" duly ascertains that he is "well liked by the boys," and self-interest compels him to court popularity, he endears himself to his associates by communicating all information which reaches him; and by his adroitness in defeating the ends of justice, when put in requisition, to carry a police force, on some sudden emergency. Many of the Irish murders have been committed with the privacy and in the presence of those very persons, but from them in no one instance has useful information been elicited; yet, it is with one of these men that Sir Francis Head first holds communication, and he patiently submits to the inconvenience of a narrow seat and the pressure of an iron bar, to pump the innocent, for the instruction of the British public—while all the time, no doubt, Pat was quietly laughing "in his sleeve" at the greenness of the individual who tried "to come over him" so softly. The principal, indeed we may say the sole, cause to which Sir Francis Head attributes the ills of Ireland, the spiritual influence of the Catholic priesthood is just that which a fortnight's experience would naturally enough lead a stranger to select as a true one; nevertheless, it were easy to prove that the igniting priest has in his past career derived far less political influence from "the spiritual power delegated by the Pope," than from the political patronage placed at his disposal by former Governments, who showered their choicest gifts on his most violent partisans. If "spiritual influence" prevailed to the extent Sir Francis Head would have us believe, surely the Catholic portion of the police-force would be as subservient to its dictates as the peasantry from amongst whom they are selected; yet, although it is morally certain that most, if not all of those men must, in self-defence, have belonged to secret societies before their enrolment, no attempt to deter them from the discharge of their duties by the exercise of spiritual influence has ever yet been hazarded.

The truth is, that the anathemas of the Catholic Church fall very

lightly on those whose interests or whose passions lead them to violate its ordinances. Politically exercised, they would only be effective when they jumped with the political feelings of the persons subjected to their terrors; and the dread expressed by an elector of the priests' "spiritual" power, is most frequently simulated to cover his own defection, and but very rarely felt. The threat of excommunication may apparently influence the votes of freeholders who were predetermined to give them without any compulsion at all; while excommunication itself, "bell, book, and candlelight," would not coerce the same persons into the payment of a just debt, and has often been found powerless to deter others from the commission of crimes which brought public disgrace upon this religion. Because the Imperial Parliament has granted large sums for the improvement of Ireland, Sir Francis Head would maintain that the British Government is blameless as regards her past and present condition; but Governments have other and more important duties to perform than carrying grants of money, which are often subsequently misapplied; and every impartial person, who recollects the unrestricted license accorded to violence and treason, from the period of the Lichfield compact to the prosecution of O'Connell (when blunderbusses, facetiously labelled as "a cure for eviction" and "a receipt for the half-year's rent," were publicly and legally sold in the market-places), must admit that both Whig and Tory Governments have been guilty of grievous dereliction of duty towards the Irish people.

There was another and a prolific cause of Ireland's misery, now (thanks to the present ministry) partially removed, to which Sir Francis Head does not allude, namely, the pestilential influence of the Court of Chancery. An estate once under the controul of the Chancellor was not only lost to the proprietor, but became the hobnob of poverty and crime. "The receiver" (generally an attorney) took advantage of all the delays which the tortuous practice of the Court sanctioned, to heap expense on the tenant and ruin on the proprietor; and the chances are more than even that the naked gables, which Sir Francis so faithfully chronicles, were rendered roofless by the action of misnamed equity.

It is easy to perceive, from the sympathy which he expresses on behalf of the wretched-looking peasants who peered at him from lurking holes in their roofless cabins, and from the studied manner in which he avoids alluding to the exertions of these proprietors who have changed their country from a half-cultivated wilderness to a land of plenty, that Sir Francis Head's feelings lean strongly towards the former; but, in justice, he should recollect that self-preservation compelled the latter to have recourse to measures which they would willingly have avoided; while those whose destitute condition excited his compassion had refused the shelter of the workhouse, and remained where he found them, for the sole purpose of forcibly re-occupying the land from which they had been evicted. There are two sides to every picture, and that which obtrudes itself on public notice in Ireland is not always the most melancholy; it is just possible that the "personification of eviction" who so forcibly arrested Sir F. Head's attention on board the emigrant ship, may have been the well-born daughter of some family, beggared by those very squatters, and flying to a foreign land to hide her degradation. We are not the apologists of negligent Irish landlords, but we cannot shut our eyes on the misconduct of the Irish tenant. Both are now paying the penalty of their misdeeds. The embarrassed gentry have nearly been swept from the soil by the operation of a harsh, but necessary, enactment; and the dishonest tenantry are being compelled, by circumstances of their own creating, to abandon the land of their birth. A few years more and Ireland must be prosperous; the worthless portion of its people will be removed, and the Scotch and English settlers, who replace them, will introduce capital, and impart instruction to such of the original inhabitants that remain. The present Government have a comparatively easy task to perform: it is but to assuage the march of events which are rapidly working out the salvation of Ireland, by persevering tranquillity, by discountenancing agitation, and by effecting such a just arrangement between the owner and the occupier of the soil as will secure to the one the full benefit of his outlay, and release the other from those legal impediments which prevent a speedy recovery of his property, in case of insolvency or fraud.

The first book of "A Fortnight in Ireland" is not so amusing as the duldest of Sir Francis Head's former literary productions; it is, in fact, composed of Parliamentary statistics, interspersed with some petty incidents, wittily handled, and artistically worked up. The second is a mere compilation of the sayings and doings of some violent politicians, who only require to be met with firmness to be rendered the most innocuous of men. Of the whole work, which seems to have been undertaken for the sole purpose of book-making, it may justly be said that it contains much that is mischievous, and nothing that is new.

The sole object of Sir Francis Head's book is to prove that the intolerance of the Pope, and the spiritual influence of the Catholic clergy, are the real causes of Irish degradation; and his only remedies are (laugh not, gentle reader), that the one should be conciliated by a special mission, and the other perpetuated by a Parliamentary grant.

LIVES OF THE BROTHERS HUMBOLDT, ALEXANDER and WILLIAM. Translated and Arranged from the German of Klenke and Schlesier. By JULIETTE BAUER. London: Ingram, Cooke, and Co.

The family of these illustrious brothers is of Pomeranian origin. Their father, Major Von Humboldt, married the widow of Baron Von Holwede: she was cousin to the Princess Blucher. Their ancestors had served the Margraves of Brandenburg, both in a military and diplomatic capacity, and were noble and wealthy. William Von Humboldt, one of the subjects of these biographies, was born in Potsdam in 1767: his younger brother, Alexander, in Berlin, in 1769. Their father died in 1779; but this loss was alleviated by the intellectual character of their mother, who watched anxiously over their education, and provided them with excellent tutors. Both were of studious habits, and through life devotedly attached to each other. Their fortunes were ample; and, commanding leisure, each applied himself with untiring energy to the acquisition of knowledge. Alexander, the celebrated author of "Cosmos," studied in the mining schools of Prussia. His early ambition was to determine the true structure of the earth and its component parts, the causes of earthquakes, the variations of temperature, the phenomena of the growth of plants, the mysteries of geology, the science of comparative anatomy; and in all these inquiries he became proficient. Nor was he less successful in astronomical researches. In his travels in South America he encountered appalling dangers; but his courage never faltered: he navigated rivers and ascended mountains, which had never known the presence of an European. At the special request of the Emperor of Russia, he explored the interior of that vast empire, and penetrated to the centre of Asia. This great man still lives, enjoying the personal friendship of his Sovereign, the boundless admiration of his countrymen, and the esteem of the whole scientific world. The blameless simplicity of his life equals the depth of his erudition, and the modesty of his genius has disarmed envy. All classes in his native land pay him homage.

The inhabitants of Berlin and Potsdam (says his biographer) all know him personally, and show him as much honour as they show the King. With a slow but firm step, a thoughtful head, rather bent forward, whose features are benevolent with a dignified expression of noble calmness, either looking down or politely responding to the greetings of the passers-by with kindness and without pride; in a simple dress, frequently holding a pamphlet in his hand, resting on his back; so he wanders frequently through the streets of Berlin and Potsdam alone and unostentatiously—a noble picture of a blade of wheat bending beneath the weight of its numerous rich golden ears.

Humboldt's writings are voluminous, and in his great work describing his journey to South America, accompanied by the French botanist Bonpland, he was assisted by the greatest scholars of the age. "For the astronomical observations and barometric altitude measurements, Oltman was employed, under Humboldt's assistance and superintendence; in chemistry and meteorology, the celebrated Arago and Gay-Lussac willingly assisted him with their knowledge; Cuvier and Latreille devoted their energies to the zoological portion; Vauquelin and Klaproth to the mineralogical part; and the Berlin professor, Künth, was fellow-labourer in the department of botany." Other publications followed, and it is stated that, in 1844, when the volumes were as yet incomplete, the cost of a copy of the folio edition was 2700 dollars, or about £405 of our money. The printing, paper, and copper-plates alone cost 226,000 dollars. This heavy cost was defrayed by the scientific world, who purchased these treasures of learning, and by

pecuniary sacrifices which Humboldt himself cheerfully made in the cause of science.

Humboldt's journey to Russia has been attended with permanent results most beneficial to civilisation. Through his influence a regular system of observations has been established through that vast country on the state of the barometer, thermometer, and hygrometer, on the temperature of the soil, the direction of the wind, and the moisture of the atmosphere. Among the Russian mining superintendents of the Ural mountains, he left valuable instructions how to conduct future experiments. Thus he appeared in the noble character of a national educator; and the Russian Government, animated by his zeal, instituted a physical observatory at Petersburg—a lesson to all how much can be effected by the energy of a single mind.

In 1827-8 Humboldt delivered a course of sixty-one lectures in Berlin; and these, carefully revised, compose the "Cosmos"—perhaps the most remarkable work of our times. The tenth chapter of the book before us gives a clear analysis of this wonderful cyclopædia of science, and we strongly recommend it to all who have not leisure to study the original. The style of Humboldt is lucid, nervous, and beautiful—of which some specimens are given in a supplementary chapter—being scenes of travel and descriptions of natural phenomena. Among these are the "Ascent of the Peak of Tenerife," and a curious account of the method of catching electric eels in the marshes and standing waters near Calabozo, which is effected by driving horses into the pools, on which the eels expend their electricity, and being rendered torpid or powerless, are easily taken. But we must resist the strong temptation we feel to extract from this fascinating biography, and turn to the sketch of the life and labours of William Humboldt.

His favourite pursuits were literary, rather than scientific. Schiller, Goethe, and Wolf were his intimate friends; Poetry and high art, Greek antiquities, and all ancient languages, dominated over his mind. His Asiatic researches were extensive and profound. At Rome, at Vienna, at Berlin, wherever he resided, his hospitable mansion was freely thrown open to the students of every nation. But he was not only one of the finest scholars of his time, but a statesman and diplomatist, incorruptible, firm in mind, far-seeing in his views, jealous of the honour of his country—a patriot cast in the mould of Washington. He held high appointments in the Prussian Government; was Ambassador at the Papal, Austrian, and British Courts, and attended the Congress of Vienna after the overthrow of Napoleon. After the pacification of Europe, his honest convictions were distasteful to the Court party. He required that the promises of a constitution, so solemnly pledged during the struggle against France, should be fulfilled, and he stood aloof from those who yielded to the dictation of Austria and Russia. He violently opposed the Carlsbad decrees, demanded the impeachment of the Minister Bernstorff, violently attacked the Chancellor Hardenberg, and thus sealed his political fate. He was no laughing time-server, but one of those highly-principled men who may be broken but never beat. He was considered the chief supporter of Liberal opinions in Prussia.

His statesmanlike talent (says his biographer) showed itself in that he, when he had to do with the reality, followed not only the bent of his own mind, but consulted also the wants and wishes of the majority of the educated men of his time and of his people; that he penetrated, by the feeling that there was something higher in the prevalent ideas of any epoch, sought out those ideas, connected them with his own views and thoughts, and thus endeavoured to act with the universal spirit of progress. It was his firm conviction that a people could only be strengthened and elevated by free institutions. He would have realised this conviction in the manner most consonant to his feelings had not his practical mind prevented him. He, therefore, remained true to his principles; but studied more nearly the most urgent wants of the nation and the ruinous tendencies of the age, which were directed to constitutional life, and the commingling of the people with the affairs of the state. Humboldt asked nothing from a Prussian constitution which was impossible under the circumstances. He wished to find the commencement of constitutional life, and pave the way for further privileges, which might easily be added. He did not wish Prussia to make a rash leap forward, but to advance steadily with whole, not half measures. The Government was to acquire the means, by representative deputations, of knowing the wishes of the people.

Humboldt's philological researches were extensive. He investigated the origin of the Spanish people through the medium of the Basque language, and of those of the Indian Archipelago through Sanscrit. He published several sonnets, and devoted many years to his translation of the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus: by German critics, it is considered a masterpiece. To him was entrusted the organization of the University of Berlin, founded in 1807, and he selected the first professors; among whom were Fichte, Schleiermacher, Klaproth, Spalding, Niebuhr, Wolf, and Boeckh. His biographer points to Humboldt "as a pattern of the deep and diversity of the German mind, and as the promise of a richer future for the German nation. He stands like the representative of a change from spirit to life, from idea to reality, in which the German mind is engaged, for he was one of the first and ablest who took this step. He adhered to the past, advanced boldly forward, and put his trust in humanity and his country."

NARRATIVE OF THE UNITED STATES' EXPLORING EXPEDITION DURING THE YEARS 1838, 1839, 1840, 1841, 1842. By CHARLES WILKES, U.S.N., Commander of the Expedition. 2 vols. With numerous Engravings. Ingram, Cook, and Co.

The exploring expeditions of the United States redound much to the honour of Brother Jonathan; and that which forms the argument of the volumes before us is remarkably instructive. The extent of the investigation is one of its marked characteristics. There is a largeness in its very conception which is emphatically comprehensive—a Titan vastness that implies a mighty Republic—ambitious, daring, and of an inclusive spirit. Within the circle of adventure are comprised Madeira, Rio Janeiro, the Brazils, Terra del Fuego, Valparaiso, Chili, Peru, Tahiti, the Paumotu, Samoan, Feejee, and Hawaiian groups of islands; New South Wales, the ice islands of the Antarctic, New Zealand, Tongataboo, Oregon, California, Soolo, Singapore, Cape of Good Hope, and other places. The information given of all these localities is systematically arranged, and neatly expressed. The descriptions of countries and people are uniformly graphic, full, clear, and discriminative. Indeed, there is a pervading vitality in the work which demonstrates Commander Wilkes to be a writer of apt and various observation, and a gentleman in every way suited to conduct and record the proceedings of the expedition confided to his care and energy.

In describing a circuit of the extent here accomplished, we meet with, of course, old places and old faces familiar enough; but there is a large amount of matter both original and new; and, after all, it is the completeness and practical utility of the survey that constitutes the value of the work. It was originally undertaken, as the title-page imports, in 1838, and continued for the four following years. Passing over more well known portions of the route, we prefer at once to enter upon the southern cruise, in which the wonders of nature begin to make themselves felt in the grandeur of wild scenery, and the untamed impulses of savage life. Among these wonders, the phenomena of volcanoes hold a prominent position in Commander Wilkes's description. After receiving a visit from the "quite naked," but "good-humoured and contented," natives of Wollaston's Island, they reached Orange Harbour, and took the opportunity of visiting an old crater, about 1500 feet in diameter, and found near the east end the water boiling in many places, and the surface-water uniformly milk-warm, though a few inches below it was perceptibly colder. The ground near the boiling springs, it is added, was quite hot; and there were several small craters, of three or four feet in diameter, from which a heated vapour constantly issued, accompanied by much noise. Hot springs were also found on the Feejee Islands, particularly near Savu-savu Point. On landing, the explorers found the beach absolutely steaming, and warm water oozing through the sand and gravel, often too hot to be borne by the feet. The springs are frequently used by the natives to boil their food. But these marvels are all of a minor character, contrasted with the features that distinguish the Volcano of Kilanea.

The Hawaiian group is likewise distinguished by the crater of Mauna Heaakala; or, House of the Sun, where it was said that in former times the dread goddess Pele had her habitation, until driven out by the sea, when she took up her abode on Hawaii, where she has ever since remained. Traditions of this kind abound; and we are particularly pleased and instructed by the elaborate description of these and other particulars in the chapter devoted to the Kingsmill group of Islands. The manners, customs, and, for the most part, the creeds of the different people visited, are carefully and honestly compiled. The author has here shown much judgment.

The state of opinion and belief among savages is always a subject of interest. The religion of the Samoans, for instance, has many salient points, and their notion of the creation is at least curious.

Among the Feejee groups, also, we find traditions of the origin of races and of a deluge.

But into these and other subjects we have not space to enter fully. The work before us exhausts them all, and may be pronounced a cyclopædia of information relating to the route comprised in the United States' Exploring Expedition, of which it is the result and memorial.

THE PASSIONS OF THE HUMAN SOUL. By CHARLES FOURIER. Translated from the French by the Rev. JOHN REYNELL MORELL; with Critical Annotations, a Biography of Fourier, and a general Introduction, by HUGH DONERTY.—Henry Lea, Warwick-lane.

From Fourier, as our readers are probably aware, sprang a numerous, but now dwindling, political sect. His theories have given names to journals, and have called a peculiar literature into existence. Lowly born, and never rising to a high station; in his latter days poor almost to destitution; with no power but his "reflective habits," and his pen, he made himself a large name, if not an abiding one, in the memory of his countrymen. He died in 1837, leaving behind him, after having written and published much in his lifetime, seven large octavo volumes, as the completion of the great work that was to make all men wise unto earthly happiness. The present work (containing 800 pages) is a translation of one of those volumes, selected as one of the best; and we opened it as we have opened other writings of Fourier, hoping to find some justification of the honour conferred on him in France, and reflected back with additional lustre from the rest of Europe. But either it requires a distinct organ to comprehend Fourier, of which we are destitute—as some persons are destitute of an organ for music—or there is no peculiar knowledge in his writings to comprehend. It cannot be said that it is not possible to explain them in such a compass: a compendium of the whole science of mechanical philosophy takes up less space. The "Wealth of Nations" is published in one volume, about half as large. The first edition of the celebrated "Essay on Population," that established a reputation for Mr. Malthus throughout Europe, and imparted his name in all the political literature of the day, was scarcely a fourth part as large. Mr. Ricardo's "Elements of Political Economy" are contained in a comparatively small octavo volume. All that Mr. Fourier ever learned of good and new might have been explained in a tenth part of the space, and the immense mass of words he employs seems better calculated to conceal ignorance or mask imposture, than to display truth. The very title of his work is redundant, and calculated to mislead. The "Passions" would have been sufficient; but, adding "of the Human Soul," implies that the body has no passions, or that he does not treat of them, and thus ignores hunger, animal love, and other important motives, to action. "Fourier," says his friendly commentator, "often bids adieu to common-sense in his descriptions of detailed and complicated plans. When he set his mind to work at solving the problem of practically realising his conceptions, he imagined many schemes of operation which are utterly impossible in practice." As a practical man, then, his most devoted disciples give him up. But, it is said, "that some of his ideas are beautifully grand and simple in conception;" "that the Bible is the only book which treats of human destiny more deeply and more luminously than the writings of this man of genius." In the present chaos of political science, when the whole world is planning schemes of political regeneration, and eagerly seeking, almost distracted with doubt, for political truth, it would be unjustifiable to reject, without examination, any clue which we are told will guide us out of the labyrinth. We would study Mr. Fourier's writings with great earnestness and great zeal, if we had not, by such an inspection of them as is sufficient to understand their drift, become thoroughly convinced that they are theoretically as erroneous as they are "practically impossible." We would not speak slightly of any man who devotes his life earnestly and sincerely to the investigation of any class of phenomena, but we cannot consent to accept the outpourings of a confused and misty monomania for the deductions of science and the words of wisdom. Still less can we, either by silence or praise, suffer our readers to suppose that we assent to them.

The present work almost begins by telling us that the secret of other inquirers' vacillations on the subject of the passions is, that "they are ignorant of the fact that the passions are distributed like a tree which, beginning from the trunk or focus, gives subdivisions progressive in number." That the passions are distributed like a tree is, therefore, the leading principle in the writings of this man of genius who treats of "human destiny only less luminously than the inspired writers." Mr. Fourier, or rather his translator, who has, we have no doubt, endeavoured to give Mr. Fourier's meaning correctly in our language, says, proceeding in his work of instructing mankind:—

It is important to class the passions according to the degrees of a generative scale, i.e., potential degrees, which, setting out from a common stem, successively give birth to each other.

Thus, ambition will give us in sub-division the genera of avarice, cupidity, ostentation, generosity, which will be the branches of genus, if you consider ambition as the branch of order.

The analysis of the passions ought, therefore, to ramify as follows:—stem; first, classes; second, orders; third, genera; fourth, species; fifth, varieties; sixth, diminutives; seventh, tenuities; minimites.

This division will be named potential scale—that is to say, the passions of order, such as ambition, will be of the second power; the branches striking out directly from ambition, such as avarice, cupidity, will be passions of genera of the third power. The series of these subdivisions will compose the scale of potential degrees, which must be continually graduated up to the complete octave.

It would be a waste of time to attempt any analysis, or to give any explanation of this passage. It is merely a jumble of words representing nothing in nature; but establishing a comparison where two things compared—a tree and the passions—have no common properties or similarities. In a tree and the human body physiologists may discover a common type. The writer of such a passage must be ignorant of the elemental fact that words are meant to represent things; and "passions classed according to the potential degrees of a generative scale, continually graduated up to the complete octave," is more like the ravings of an idiot or a maniac than the use of significant language. The whole book is composed of such strange phrases. To quote more of them would be unpardonable, but we may give the reader an idea of the sort of subjects, if he can comprehend them, discussed in the book, by mentioning the headings of a few chapters taken almost at random:—"Subversive state of right in the accords of powers, nought, first, second. Subversive state of right in cardinal accords, the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth powers." "Pastime of sidereal correspondence transmissive of the universal language, and of the knowledge acquired in all the worlds." "Integral gamut of the soul, or numerical distribution of the potential scales of 810 characters." There may be some deep and important mysteries concealed under such expressions, but the burning thirst now is for knowledge easily comprehended, not for mysteries; and to present such writing to us as knowledge, or as explaining human destiny on the earth, is like the parched mockery which the fevered imagination of the travellers in the desert conjures up of the deceitful mirage. We would not have said so much of this book, but would have discarded it at once as utterly worthless, to be classed with the cabalistical nonsense of astrologers—which it resembles more than any other kind of writing we are acquainted with—had we not known that there are many persons in England, as in France, who believe in Fourier. We can assure them that his writings are a tangled mass of vain fantastical theories, groundless hypotheses, and conjectures as alien to nature as they are impracticable in application to the affairs of life. That such writings should have had even a momentary influence, is a sure indication of a very ravenous appetite in a great multitude hungry for political and social improvement.

ESMOND: A STORY OF QUEEN ANNE'S REIGN. By W. M. THACKERAY. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

We consider these volumes the most finished and able of all Mr. Thackeray's contributions to literature. The story of "Esmond" is witty and wise; keen satire, noble sentiments, and deep thoughts embellish its varied pages. The narrative never flags, and the transitions from scene to scene are skillfully contrived from the commencement to the end. All the characters introduced are marked by a very distinctive individuality. The author, in his preface, announces his intention to "copy the manners and language of Queen Anne's time;" and he has eminently succeeded. Nothing can be more felicitous than his imitation of the style of Richard Steele, in the "Spectator," in the letter styled "Joanaster," p. 69 of the third volume. All the dialogues are animated, rapid, and characteristic. With the construction of the story we are not so well pleased as with its execution. It is a fictitious biography entwined with an historical novel, in which history is made subservient to

fiction, so as to create a special interest in the chief actors of the story. We object to this principle altogether. Even the genius of Walter Scott could not surmount the difficulties it involves. His predilections in favour of Royalists and Cavaliers prompted him to throw a false colour over events which he drew from his imagination, and he could not hold the balance with an even hand between Covenanters and their opponents. These feelings led him into error and exaggeration, even when he laid his scenes in foreign countries; and Guizot particularly accuses him of not understanding, or at least of misrepresenting, the character of Louis the Eleventh. In "Esmond" there are sketches of Harley, Bolingbroke, and Marlborough: they are very vivid, very strongly marked, very authoritative; but we might doubt their correctness, even had the author lived in the age of those distinguished men; and he can only judge them by tradition. Who can truly portray the statesmen of our own epoch, even those who have died within the last few years?—who can tell their secret thoughts or penetrate their real motives? We can only make sure of the broad outline, but to fill it up is a hopeless task. On such points the most careful and the least partial of professed historians widely differ; but when the leaders of the people are introduced into an historical novel, where fiction is obviously blended with fact, we may rest assured that their political portraits are drawn by fancy, and their features fashioned by caprice. Such sketches may be very ingenious, and very exciting, but they can never afford any instruction.

When this story begins Esmond is a little boy, ignorant of his parentage, and is regarded as illegitimate, his father having concealed his marriage with his mother, and taken to himself a second wife. The father is Lord Viscount Castlewood, and the child is brought up at the family mansion of Castlewood, and educated by an English Jesuit, Father Holt, a devoted partisan of the exiled Stuarts. This nobleman and the Jesuits are engaged in conspiracies for the restoration of James II., in which they fail; and Lord Castlewood, after having fought at the Boyne, dies. He is succeeded in his title and estates by Colonel Francis Esmond, who has a wife, a son, and a daughter, who play a very conspicuous part in these volumes. The hero of the tale is now placed under the charge of the new family. He becomes the preceptor of the two children, and is warmly cherished by their parents, who ultimately send him to Cambridge, with a view to his becoming a clergyman, and succeeding to the rectory of Castlewood. He passes his vacations with his patrons, who are visited by Lord Mohun, a man of dissipated habits—a gambler, a duellist, and a seducer, who wins large sums at play of the easy Lord Castlewood, and seeks to dishonour her Ladyship. Then arise jealousy and upbraiding; and young Esmond, devoted to the family, endeavours to act the part of a conciliator, but without success. Lord Mohun lingers at the house, and affects to have the gout; but Esmond is eager for his departure, and suspects the artifice. They take an airing together in Mohun's carriage, and during the ride the following spirited conversation takes place, which we quote as a fair specimen of the style of the book:—

"My Lord," says Harry Esmond, after they were got into the country, and pointing to my Lord Mohun's foot, which was swathed in flannel and put up rather ostentatiously on a cushion, "my Lord, I should medicate me at Cambridge."

"Indeed, Parson Frank," says he; "and are you going to take out a clip o'ma, and cure your fellow-students of the—"

"Of the gout," says Harry, interrupting him, and looking him hard in the face, "I know a good deal about the gout."

"I hope you may never have it. 'Tis an infernal disease," says my Lord, "and its twinges are diabolical. Ah! and he made a dreadfully wry face, as if he had just felt a twinge."

"Your Lordship would be much better if you took off all that flannel—it only serves to inflame the toe," Harry continued, looking his man full in the face.

"O! it only serves to inflame the toe, does it?" says the other, with an innocent air.

"If you took off that flannel, and flung that absurd slipper away, and wore a boot," continues Harry.

"You recommend me boots, Mr. Esmond?" asks my Lord.

"Yes; boots and spurs. I saw your Lordship three days ago run down the gallery fast enough," Harry goes on. "I am sure that taking cruel at night is not so pleasant as claret to your Lordship; and, besides, it keeps your Lordship's head cool for play, whilst my patron's is hot and flustered with drink."

"Sdeath, sir, you dare not say that I don't play fair?" cries my Lord, whipping his horses, which went away at a gallop.

"You are cool when my Lord is drunk," Harry continued; "your Lordship gets the better of my patron. I have watched you, as I looked up from my books."

"You young Argus!" says Lord Mohun, who liked Harry Esmond; and for whose company and wit, and a certain daring manner, Harry had a great liking too. "You young Argus! you may look with all your hundred eyes and see me play fair. I've played away an estate of a night, and I've played my shirt off my back; and I've played away my perwig and gone home in a night-cap. But no man can say I ever took an advantage of him beyond the advantage of the game. I played a dice-cogging scoundrel in Alsatia for his ears and won 'em, and have one of 'em in my lodging in Bow-street, in a bottle of spirits. Harry Mohun will play any man for anything—always would."

"You are playing awful stakes, my Lord, in my patron's house," Harry said, "and more games than are on the card."

"What do you mean, sir?" cries my Lord, turning round, with a flash on his face.

"I mean," answers Harry, in a sarcastic tone, "that your gout is well—if ever you had it."

"Sir," cries my Lord, getting hot.

"And to tell the truth, I believe your Lordship has no more gout than I have. At any rate change of air will do you good, my Lord Mohun. And I mean fairly that you had better go from Castlewood."

"And were you appointed to give me this message?" cries Lord Mohun.

"Did Frank Esmond commission you?"

"No one did. 'Twas the honour of my family commissioning me."

"And are you prepared to answer this?" cries the other, furiously lashing his horses.

"Quite, my Lord; your Lordship will upset the carriage, if you whip so hotly."

"By George, you have a brave spirit," my Lord cried out, bursting into a laugh. "I suppose 'tis that infernal bottle of Jesuit that makes you so bold," he added.

Harry, however, disclaims this insinuation, which referred to a new move in the art of fencing, which father Holt had taught his pupil, frankly tells Mohun that he suspects him of endeavouring to seduce Lady Castlewood, and urges him to refrain from his efforts, which are useless, but calculated to disturb the peace of the family. Mohun drives on furiously, the carriage is upset, and both are injured, his Lordship seriously. When he recovers, he takes his departure. Lord Castlewood follows him, picks a quarrel, and falls in a duel by Mohun's hand.

Harry Esmond enters the army, and takes part in the campaigns of the Duke of Marlborough. He meets Holt in Flanders, who makes known to him the secret of his birth, and shows him his mother's grave. Harry now learns that he is legitimate, and entitled to the rank and estates of Castlewood, which he determines never to claim, from gratitude to those who protected his orphanage; and this self-denial on his part is worked out with great skill, showing his disinterestedness and elevation of mind. In the story it leads to many beautiful results.

Beatrice, daughter of Lord and Lady Castlewood, is a remarkable character. She is described as a peerless beauty, but heartless; her sole ambition is to make a splendid marriage. Esmond loves this girl, and, in spite of many rebuffs, and of several engagements with various suitors, all of which Beatrice breaks off, he is constant to her for ten years. At length the young lady succeeds in ensnaring the Duke of Hamilton. He is appointed Ambassador at Paris; boundless wealth are placed at her disposal to celebrate her nuptials, and make a brilliant display at the French Court. But all her hopes are disappointed. Before the marriage is effected, Mohun and the Duke fight a duel, in which both are slain. The character of this girl is drawn with great power. We must give some passages taken from a conversation with Esmond, after he is assured that she has accepted the Duke:—

"Yes, sir," says she; "a Duke is a taller man than you. And why should I not be grateful to one such as his Grace, who gives me his heart and his great name? It is a great gift he honours me with; I know 'tis a bargain between us, and I accept it, and will do my utmost to perform my part of it." "Is no question of sighing and philanthropy between a nobleman of his Grace's age and a girl who hath little of that softness in her nature. Why should I not own that I am ambitious, Harry Esmond; and if it be no sin in a man to court honour, why should a woman, too, not desire it? Shall I be frank with you, Harry, and say that if you had not been down on your knees, and so humble, you might have fared better with me? A woman of my spirit, cousin, is to be won by gallantry, and not by sighs and rueful faces. All the time you are worshipping and singing hymns to me, I know very well I am no goddess, and grow weary of the incense. So would you have been weary of the goddess, too, when she was called Mrs. Esmond, and got out of humour because she had not pin-money enough, and was forced to go about in an old gown. Eh! cousin, a goddess in a mob-cap, that has to make her husband's gown, ceases to be divine—I am sure of it. I should have been sulky and scolded; and of all the proud wretches in the world Mr. Esmond is the proudest; let me tell him that. You never fall into a passion; but you never forgive, I think. Had you been a great man, you might have been good-humoured; but, being nobody, sir, you are too great a man for me; and I'm afraid of you, cousin—there; and I won't worship you, and you'll never be happy except with a woman who will. Why, after I belonged to you, and after one of my tantrums, you would have put the pillow over my head some night, and smothered me, as the black man does the woman in the play that

(Continued on page 531.)



"THE HERO AND HIS HORSE ON THE FIELD OF WATERLOO, TWENTY YEARS AFTER THE BATTLE."—PAINTED BY "B. R. HAYDON.—ENGRAVED BY PERMISSION.

THE HERO AND HIS HORSE.

This picture was painted by Haydon. The Duke gave the requisite sittings at Walmer, in 1839; and of the painter's visits he has left the following anecdotic records in two letters to a friend:—

Extract from a Letter from B. R. Haydon, to —, dated Walmer Castle, October 11, 1839.

I arrived last night, and was most friendly received by the Duke. I have my first sitting to-day. The deep interest of being under the same roof, sleeping on the same level, and eating at the same table with the conqueror of Napoleon, produced no trifling emotion, I assure you. His faculties are quite unimpaired, his conversation prompt, his stories fresh from nature, and capital. I prefer them to Scott's, they were too strained for telling home. The Duke gives you an admirable touch of human nature, as if it escaped from him. He is, as Johnson said of Beanclerk, freer from a smile when a good thing is coming, and after it is out, than any man I ever saw. He talked till twelve, and then said, "Now we'll go to bed." He lighted two candles and gave me one, as a stranger; Sir Astley and Mr. Arbuthnot lighting their own. The Duke took command, of course, and away we all marched behind him. Sir Astley went to Mr. Pitt's room, saying in a loud voice, "God bless your Grace." I was the last, and blessed him too, as I saw his venerable white head disappear into his chamber. This is the distinguishing intellectual trait of my life. His anecdotes of Napoleon, Madame de Staël, De Pradt, English armies, French generals, Allied Powers, battles, bivouacs; and his remarks on people in middle and low life; his unaffected good nature; his stories, showing the same man in everything—the same smooth, sturdy honour, uncommon sense, and shrewdness, really make up a wonderful instance of uncompromising principle.

Think of Grey never having the moral courage to invite me to his table, and the Duke defying my misfortunes, and planting me by his side: he is a noble fellow.

Extract from a Letter from B. R. Haydon, to —, dated London, 16th October, 1839.

I returned to town last night, rich in sketches from the Duke: nothing could exceed his kindness. He gave me one sitting for a chalk drawing, two for an oil study, and two for three, back and sideways. In fact, the whole house seemed interested in seeing me dash away; and when I did both his hands in two minutes, he looked at me with his eyes, through my soul, if possible. On Monday there was a grand party, the Russian Ambassador, &c. &c.; and yet, surrounded as he was, he kept his word for a last sitting, and would not suffer me to remove from the dining-room till the last moment. The room was mine from six in the morning till five—eleven hours—and nobody dared intrude—not all the ambassadors of Europe. The Duke had passed his word, and told me to choose my light, and keep it. I did so. They all told me, "You will have no more sittings now the Duke is with the Ambassador." I replied, "I shall be at my post;" so, *soyez tranquille*, at my post I was; and in he came, and said, "Now for it;" and sat down, according to his promise. He manages his time better than any man I ever saw, by method. I was up at sunrise, and before it. It was a beautiful morning; he must have been up too, for he said to me, "Was it not a beautiful morning?" I got my head in; and as the clock was striking nine, the door opened, and in he walked, according to agreement the night before. My impression of his character, and goodness, and *maîtrise* have been trebled in intensity. I can now account for the attachment of the soldiers. He made them better men by discipline—he attended to their comforts—he spared their lives, and never sacrificed them to vain objects; but when their lives were requisite for a grand one, he expected every man to

his duty like himself; without descending to flatter their vices, or weaknesses, like Napoleon; he gained their hearts by curbing the follies and evil propensities which an army always contains, and which Napoleon let loose. "Combien des armées avez-vous servé?" said the Duchess d'Angoulême to an old soldier. "Vingt ans avec Napoleon, et un an avec le Roi." "Ah," she said, "Vingt ans de brigandage, et un an de service."

As I sat watching him in the drawing-room, after dinner, reading the paper, with a candle on each side of him, I was quite abstracted. "He looked like the eagle of Jupiter in a human shape beginning to get silvery with age." One night, not a word was spoken by his Grace, Mr. Arbuthnot, or myself, for two hours. The Duke read, I affected reading, and Mr. Arbuthnot dozed. I studied the Duke till I got faint; he then burst out of a dream of politics, and it was delightful beyond belief to listen.

Taking a general view of his condition, I can say, from narrowly watching him, his health is decidedly better than it has been for four years. His head, from a rheumatic affection of the nape of the neck, droops a little more. He hunts, and rode twenty miles on Saturday, and able to bear it, and all the better for it: he eats heartily, and drinks abundantly of coffee at breakfast. He eats heartily at dinner, but only takes half a glass of sherry in a glass of soda water: eats no lunch between, except with visitors. He placed me at table on Monday night, in a splendid party, with high honour. In fact, he has treated me as his equal, and as if I honoured him. In thus having been in the very depths of the private life of the two great heads of

the two great parties—Grey and Wellington—doing full justice to the accessibility, amiability, and goodness of heart of Lord Grey, I think Wellington the greater character. He has no vanity, no childishness; flattery has no effect on the Duke. You might as well flatter Mont Blanc. I said to Lord Grey, "The light hurts your eyes, I fear." "It does," said he, and moved round for his own convenience, but to my utter discomfiture. "The light hurts your Grace's eyes," said I to the Duke. "Not the least," said the old hero; and he looked fiercely at the light, because it was his duty. You should have seen his look.

There is a repetition of "the Hero and his Horse," in the Duke of Sutherland's gallery. Our illustration has been engraved, by permission from the plate last published by Mr. McLean, of the Haymarket.

BATONS OF THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

IN our Engraving, we represent the various bâtons given to the late Duke of Wellington by the Allied Sovereigns, and which were carried by officers deputed from the different kingdoms at his funeral. For more easy reference, we have numbered the bâtons in the Engraving, and their description we now proceed to give:—

No. 1, the Bâton of Portugal, is of burnished gold; it is surmounted by a Crown, and on a shield are the arms of Portugal.

No. 2, the Bâton of Prussia, is of burnished gold, and is of classic ornamentation; it bears two eagles displayed, holding the sceptre and orb of sovereignty.

No. 3, England, is of gold, and is surmounted with the group of St. George and the Dragon. This bâton is excessively rich in its decoration, as our Engraving shows; and at the end of it is engraved this inscription:—

From his Royal Highness
GEORGE AUGUSTUS FREDERICK,
Regent
of the United Kingdom of
Great Britain and Ireland,
to ARTHUR, MARQUESS OF WELLINGTON, K.G.,
Field-Marshal of England.
1813.

No. 4, the Netherlands. This is one of the simplest, but perhaps the most elegant of the bâtons, the Greek ornaments being introduced very tastefully. The arms of the Netherlands are in the upper division.

No. 5 is the bâton of Spain. Like that of Portugal, it is crowned; but it is shorter in its proportions. It is of burnished gold, and bears the armorial ensigns of Spain.

No. 6 (lying across in our Engraving) is Hanover. The crown and ends of the staff are gold; but the chief part of the bâton is covered with crimson velvet, powdered with silver horses—the Hanoverian arms; and a silver horse is placed above the crown.

No. 7 is Austria. This bâton is of burnished gold, and the wreaths round it are in dead gold. The other portions are extremely plain; whilst

No. 8, the bâton of Russia, is of gold, and the alternate wreaths of laurel and oak, which twine round it; and the collars round the staff are set with diamonds of great value. The ground is frosted gold.



1. PORTUGAL. 2. PRUSSIA. 3. ENGLAND. 4. NETHERLANDS. 5. SPAIN. 6. HANOVER. 7. AUSTRIA. 8. RUSSIA.
BATON THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.



THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—PAINTED BY ISABEY.

MINIATURE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON. BY ISABEY.

THIS extremely elegant portrait was painted by Isabey, the celebrated French-miniature painter, and engraved by Mécou, and published in Paris, in 1814—the year in which the Duke was Ambassador to Louis XVIII. for the Court of England. The artist has thrown back the head of the Duke, giving him an air of authority, not without dignity; whilst a slight smile warms up the expression. The original of this beautiful miniature was purchased by the Marquis of Hertford a few weeks ago, at the sale of the Countess d'Hijar's property at Versailles, for the large sum of 10,601 francs, or £424.

PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON BY PELLEGRINI.

AMONGST the variety of portraits painted of the Duke at different periods of his life, that painted by Pellegrini at Lisbon, in 1810-11, is by no means the least interesting. It exhibits the Duke in the Portuguese uniform, with Ribbon, Star, &c.; and, though rather stiff and formal in style, is characteristic. It was engraved by Bartolozzi, etat 83 (1811), who died at Lisbon, from whose engraving we copy the above.

THE DUKE'S BIRTH AND SCHOOL-DAYS.

WE have received from Mr. W. F. Wakeman, of Dublin, the accompanying Sketches, illustrative of the birth and early education of the



ROOM IN DANGAN CASTLE.

Duke, to which are appended these corroborative details of the Artist's visit. First is the room pointed out by all the inhabitants of the neighbourhood of Dangan, as the very room in which the Duke, and after him Feargus O'Connor, were born, as already alluded to in our Journal. Until very lately a wing of the castle, which escaped the conflagration by which the place became a ruin, was inhabited by a family named Allen, who, seven years ago, showed our Artist this apartment as the room of the Duke's birth. Next is a view of Talbot Castle, Trim, a fine mediæval structure in the county of Meath.

It was (says the Rev. R. Butler, in Nash's "Historical and Genealogical Researches") built by the great source of France of the fifteenth century, the famous Sir John Talbot, afterwards Lord Furnival, and immortalised in Shakespeare's "Henry VI., part 1, act 2. During his different Lieutenancies, Talbot frequently visited Trim, and erected the castle, which afterwards became the diocesan school of Meath. The signature of "A. Wesley" is to every act of the Corporation from June 1789, to September 1793; for a portion of that time he lived in the small five-windowed house with a court

before it in "Dublin-gate-street," which is now terminated by a column erected to his honour; but he principally resided at Fostertown, called "Wellington" on the Ordnance Survey. Upon its humble door may be written the words of Evander ("Æneid," viii., 362). When he was at school at Trim he must have been a very little boy, for one of his school-fellows reports that when Crosbie (afterwards Sir Edward), of balloon notoriety, had climbed to the top of the Yellow Steeple, and had thrown down his will, disposing of his game-cocks and other boyish valuables, in case he should be killed in coming down, the future Iron Duke began to cry when he found that nothing had been left him. When a boy at Angers Military College, the late Dr. Benning, when travelling with Lord Blayney, asked the head of that establishment if he had any English boys of promise under his care, and he replied he had one Irish lad of great promise, of the name of Wesley, the son of Lord Mornington. A gentleman in Trim has a letter from Lord Wellesley, in which he states that the Lord-Lieutenant had been for two years under promise to procure a commission for his brother Arthur, and had not been able to fulfil it. Wellington's name, added to the great military names of De Lacy, Mortimer, and Talbot, throws an imperishable splendour on the ruins of Trim.

The following "descent of the Castles of Mornington and Dangan," is interesting in illustration of the Duke's ancestors:—

Nicholas de Castlemartin seized of the manor and castle of Mornington and other manors, married Catherine, sister, and eventual heir, of Simon Cusack, Lord Culmoly, and niece of Simon Cusack, Lord of Dangan. Of this marriage there were two daughters; Joane, who married first Richard Fitzgerald, and had an only daughter; Anne, wife to Sir Christopher Plunket, who, on the death of Thomas Cusack, Lord Dunsany, became (17 Henry VI.) Lord Dunsany. The second husband of Joane was Richard Wellesley, who had issue four sons—Walter, Gerald, James, and Christopher—of whom Christopher alone left descendants. The other co-heir of Nicholas de Castlemartin, Anne, was wife to Thomas Cusack, Lord Dunsany, who, with Richard Fitzgerald, and afterwards with Richard Wellesley, had pardon of intrusion into the manors of Dunsany, Mornington, &c. Of these manors, Mornington became the inheritance of the Wellesley family; and Dunsany went, as mentioned above, to Anne, wife of Sir Christopher Plunket. Simon Cusack, Lord of Dangan or Dengyn, by deed dated 1380, granted the manor and castle of Dangan to his son John; remainder to his

grandsons, Thomas (husband of Anne de Castlemartin), and Walter; remainder to their heir; remainder to the issue of himself by his second wife, Joan Bermingham, Simon Peter Richard Christian Susanna, Joan, wife of Will Pycard, and Ela, wife of Nicholas Crompe. Under the limitation of this deed, the castle of Dangan passed to Ela, wife of Nicholas Crompe, on the death of Geoffrey Cusack, who was killed at the siege of the castle, 1411. By Nicholas Crompe she had two daughters; Elizabeth, wife to Barnabe Cusack, ancestor of the Gerardstown family of that name; and Genevieve, wife to Christopher Wellesley, son of Richard Wellesley, and Joane, his wife, as mentioned above. Between these co-heirs the inheritance of Simon Cusack, Lord of



THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—PAINTED BY PELLEGRINI.

Dangan, was divided, and Dangan became the property of the Wellesleys.—(Pat. Rot. Hib., 13 Rich. II., 9 Henry V., 3 Henry VI.)

PORTRAITS, BUSTS, AND MONUMENTS OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

ALTHOUGH we have already published three articles of considerable length in reference to the various portraits, busts, historical pictures, and other memorials of the Great Duke, we cannot hope, with all our industry, to have noticed every work of the kind which has appeared. We shall be glad, however, from time to time, to supply unavoidable deficiencies as the materials present themselves, and, begin now with two historical subjects of considerable interest.

The Duke's triumphant entry into Madrid after the brilliant victory at Salamanca, formed the subject of a fine picture by Hilton. On this occasion the intoxication of delight of the inhabitants of Madrid at being rescued from their French oppressors, was such that the ladies strewed the ground with their costly shawls, and afterwards, it is said, hugged the conqueror in the very streets. This picture, which was the grand prize at Mrs. Parker's Fine Art distribution some years ago, was afterwards, as we are informed, purchased by the Duke of the fortunate prizeholder. It has been engraved by Bromley.

In the hall of the secretary's office, at Chelsea Hospital, is a fine picture of the "Battle of Waterloo," by G. Jones, R.A. It was painted in 1820, for the Directors of the British Institution, at the cost of 500 guineas, and presented by them to this national institution.

In our list of Busts, we omitted to mention that of colossal dimensions executed in 1851 for the King of Prussia, by Behnes. It is a highly-successful performance, of noble character, and the very ideal of the stern straightforward commander. A cast of it is now on view, at Messrs. Graves'; where also a cast of Noble's finely-marked bust, and a new bust, in marble, by Carew, may be seen. The latter is a very agreeable portraiture, though by no means so remarkable for feature and expression as the others we have mentioned. It has more of the poetic and abstract character of a reminiscence, in which the effects of time and accident upon the natural conformation are not exhibited. It is also young in appearance, as compared with other recent works, looking not more than fifty years old.



FIRST SCHOOL OF THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, AT TRIM.

(Continued from page 531.)

you're so fond of. What's the creature's name? *Desdemona*. You would, you little black-eyed *Othello*!"

"I think I should, *Beatrice*," says the Colonel.

"And I want no such ending. I intend to live to be a hundred, and to go to ten thousand routes and balls, and to play cards every night of my life till the year 1890. And I like to be the first of my company, sir; and I like flattery and compliments, and you give me none; and I like to be made to laugh, sir; and you don't laugh at your dismal face, I should like to know; and I like a coach-and-six, or a coach-and-eight; and I like diamonds and a new gown every week, and people to say 'That's the Duchess. How well her Grace looks. Make way for Madame l'Ambassadrice d'Angleterre. Call her Excellency's people.' That's what I like. And as for you, you want a woman to bring your slippers and cap, and to sit at your feet and cry 'O, Caro! O, Bravo!' whilst you read your Shakespeares and Miltons, and stuff. *Mamma* would have been the wife for you, had you been a little older; though you look ten years older than she does—you do, you glum-faced, blue-bearded, little old man. You might have sat, like *Darby* and *Joan*, and flattered each other, and billed and cooed like a pair of old pigeons on a perch. I want my wings, and to use them too."

The death of the Duke of Hamilton revives the hopes of Esmond, who still aspires to conquer the reluctance of *Beatrice*; and he determines to distinguish himself by bringing the Pretender to London, and defeating the Hanoverian succession. Such an exploit, he knows, will dazzle *Beatrice*, and secure his marriage with her; but, unfortunately, she intrigues with the Prince, and shows a disposition to become his mistress. This thoroughly disgusts our hero. The scheme for restoring the Stuarts fails, and Henry Esmond, strange to say, marries the mother of *Beatrice*, and retires with her to America.

Such is a rapid outline of this interesting novel. Steele, and Addison, and Swift, and other celebrities of Queen Anne's reign, are introduced with great skill and judgment. The whole work is flavoured with the epoch. To be appreciated, it must be read thoughtfully, and it will well repay a diligent perusal.

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MONTHLY REVIEW OF THE DRAMA.

The past month has been rich almost beyond example in dramatic productions. No fewer than four legitimate new or original dramas, and one gorgeous revival, have distinguished its annals.

It will be remembered, that, in our last *résumé*, we ventured to anticipate that Mr. Webster would not suffer his farewell season at the HAYMARKET to proceed far without signalling the occasion by some remarkable display. Accordingly, he has not permitted the opportunity to pass of accomplishing a purpose which he had cherished for years—that of personally appearing as the *Cardinal*, in the anonymous and interdicted comedy of "Richelieu in Love." The temporary suppression of this drama, eight years ago, had a greater signification than that it could have at the present moment, and excited more interest than would now be possible. The Lord Chamberlain's powers had just then been extended. The Government had demanded and obtained, in return for the boon which it had granted—namely the legitimization of all the theatres—that the Chamberlain's authority should equally extend over all. With this important condition, the principle of Free Trade in the Drama had been and still remains clogged; and there was accordingly no Surrey Theatre in reserve, as there had been but a few months previously, to which a rejected or prohibited author might resort for redress. No tragedy of "Fazio" or "Alastor" might again find refuge on a transpontine stage. The writer of "Richelieu in Love" found himself in an unparalleled "fix," and uttered a wail of despair loud enough to be heard over land and water. There are, in fact, few compositions more remarkable than the preface to the published comedy. One might think that the whole temple of the drama had been undermined, and its foundations ruined for ever; as if the entire interests of the theatre depended on the performance of this one play. For this exaggerated state of feeling the author had some excuse. For an unknown dramatist to get his piece accepted by an old manager, hemmed in by all manner of close-borough interests, was difficult enough; but, that, cape-weathered, it was hard to have to encounter a new and unexpected impediment—interdicting further passage altogether—and insisting on immediate return. The proper appeal would have been to the House of Commons, by memorial; praying for inquiry, whether the Lord Chamberlain had not abused his authority; and thus to have brought into question, whether the recent enlargement of his powers was not injurious; or, whether indeed his office, in relation to the Stage, be not an unwarrantable interference with one special branch of literature, from which all its other branches are totally free. It is a censorship before publication, to which the arguments in Milton's "Apology for Unlicensed Printing" apply in full logical force, and necessary sequence. To this proper course, the author preferred an appeal to the public, in an over-noisy, but very witty preface. To this appeal the answer, having been eight years on the road, at last arrived.

Well! "Richelieu in Love," reduced in form and condensed in substance, has at length been performed; but not with the *éclat* expected. Clever as the drama undoubtedly is, as a whole—more than clever as it is in many of its parts—pointed as are all its sentences—eloquent as are many of its speeches;—the effect on the audience is not that of a piece brilliantly written, and elegantly conceived. We believe this to arise in great part from the inadequate manner in which it has been cast, and its general unsuitableness to the present company at the theatre. But there is also a fault in the drama itself—in the constant artificiality of the style, in the perpetual point and antithesis; and in the accumulation of small effects in the dialogue, the result of which is, that no great effect has room for display. Some crudeness and inexperience, too, in the manipulation of certain situations, operated as positive drawbacks. Nor has the general theme of the drama, the moral interest justly required by intelligent audiences of the present day in works of this class.

Such moral interest may be justly claimed in favour of the new five-act drama at the PRINCESS' Theatre. "Anne Blake" entirely depends for success on the sympathy to be created by the sentiment that pervades every scene, and almost every speech. It is even needful to contemplate it from a certain psychological point of view to appreciate its merits. The audience is expected to separate, by a mental analysis, the faults of miseducation and circumstances from the substantial and natural virtues of the heroine. Those accidental environments have to drop off, or to be shaken off, ere her real character can have a chance of appearing. But habit, even from earliest infancy, has made them a second nature—they have grown with the growth, and strengthened with the strength, of the victim of domestic tyranny. That rough disdain of compliments, that stern repulsiveness of manner, that rude scorn and denial of benefits received, are so many perpetual protests against a standing wrong, day by day increased, and demanding hourly resistance, if life is to be endured while that is suffered. There is a deep tragedy here; one of ordinary occurrence, and within the experience of the meanest. But it is scarcely appreciated for what it is, on account of its common and familiar aspect. The mind is startled to see this mere household image raised on a pedestal, and assert its claims to consideration, as an object beautiful or sublime. Shall it quietly take rank with the *Medea*, the

Lady Macbeth's, the *Cleopatras* of the stage? Shall a mere every-day injury start suddenly into new significance, and address us in the language of poetry like this?—

Who thinks when glaciers flash,
'Tis only ice that glitters in the beam?

Shall types of such large import be rightfully appropriated to so humble a theme? Yes; this is what the spirit of modern poetry especially requires. It has elected to find in the lowliest spots, and the meanest agents, the recipients of the glories that ever accompany her ministering presence. Poetry, in a sort of divine condescension, has undertaken to shed a light into the dark corners of life, and to communicate her intelligence to the otherwise inarticulate humanities which, though deeply suffering, are fated to be dumb, having no voice, or being secluded beyond hearing. *Anne Blake*, now elevated by the poet to the rank of a public accuser, is the representative of a large class of dependent and patient souls writhing under intolerable despotisms. The world of wealth and vanity is arraigned by her at the bar of public opinion. In our weekly notice of this truly beautiful play, we were so impressed with the energetic, fine, and even grand declamation of Mrs. Kean, that we inadvertently overlooked for the time the very delicate, refined, and really subtle acting of Mr. Kean in the part of *Anne Blake's* lover, *Colonel Thorold*. He is the poet's mouth-piece—the expositor of the prevailing moral, and the deliverer of his beloved from the snares, temptations, and insane convictions, which had either already enmeshed, or were, fowler-like, lying in wait for her ruin. The entire future of a wronged maiden's life was the problem entrusted to him for solution; and the task is accomplished with admirable skill. This mighty work is accomplished in the fourth act; and the remonstrance that crowns it was delivered in tones of such rich eloquence as melts, with its witchery, into the heart which it is its mission and its destiny to enlighten and convert. There are some critics, we find, who propose that the whole of the action in this play should have been condensed into three acts, and closed with the striking situations to which we have just alluded. Certainly nothing could have been better prepared than the entire business of this maternal portrait; and the elaborate manner in which it is worked up to this specific climax is wonderfully artistic. But it is even on this account, that, for a satisfactory ending, another and further catastrophe was necessitated, that should leave the mind in a fitting state of repose. The excitement attained naturally provokes reaction; and there was need, too, of some external influence to modify the rather too subjective character of the plot. Nor is it other than just that *Pistus* should be called in to aid love in undoing the mischief which had been wholly inflicted by himself. The tale, by the addition of the fifth act, is simply "followed to its last recess of suffering and of peace," and the soul, too strongly stirred previously, is restored to a delightful sense of tranquillity. The diction of "Anne Blake" is poetical, and the medium blank verse, not prose. But that diction is of the simplest kind, and the verse without inversion or inflation. Though elevated, therefore, by its rhythm above the language of common life, the ear is not tortured into recognition of its metrical qualities, nor the attention violently attracted by its images and allusions. Accordingly, the style is transparent, and permits the thoughts and feelings to express themselves, as it were, irreflexively to the words. No higher praise than this can be awarded to dramatic dialogue. With these claims to appreciation from the lovers of the poetic drama, no wonder that this pure and simple play has been nightly performed, from the first evening of its production.

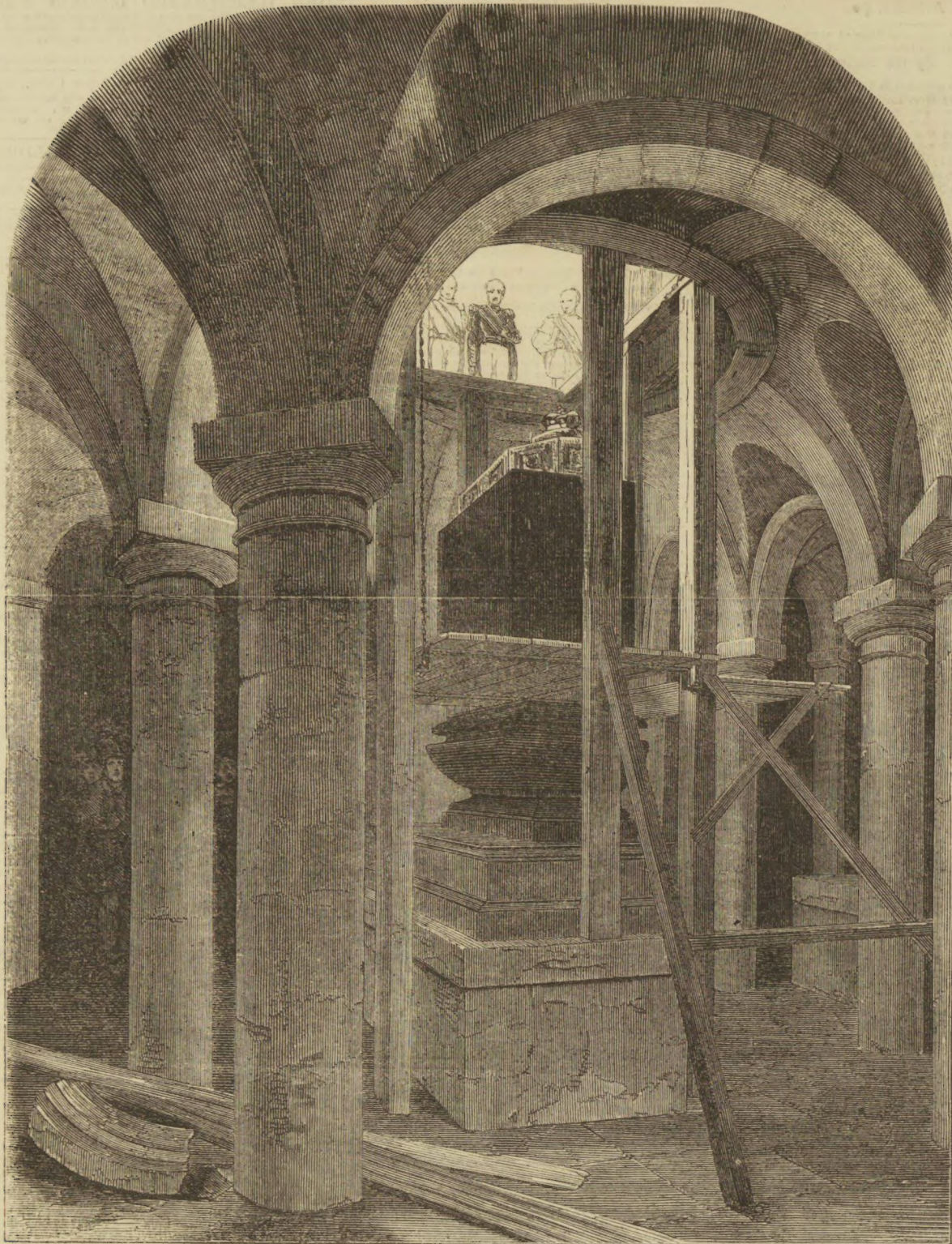
We have next to glance at the *OLYMPIC*. The play of "Sarah Blangi" is intensely French in its subject and treatment. It might have been doubted, whether so painful an interest as that of a poisoning murderess could have been borne by an English audience, through five acts. But the experiment has been tried, and proved successful. To this the very excellent acting of the general *dramatis personæ*, no doubt, greatly contributed. The result was fortunately not left to the heroine, but the burden is shared by the whole talent of the company, which was enlisted in the performance of this terrible drama.

Efforts like these for restoring the five-act drama to the English boards are deserving of high commendation. But the highest on this occasion must be given to a theatre which seldom figures in our columns—the CITY OF LONDON. Here a new author, resorting to the pages of Voltaire's romance, "Le Ingénu," has compiled from its incidents a highly effective play, full of striking situations, dialogue, character, and effect; somewhat, however, as we have said, too didactically enforcing the moral obviously intended, and forming the title of the piece, namely, the Nature of "Civilisation." The dramatist, Mr. John Wilkins, has been, it seems, previously employed at the same theatre in the compilation of melodramas, and was thus prepared for a more legitimate attempt on the Shakespearean model. Our great bard was, indeed, a melodramatic writer, though not a writer of melodramas; that is, divest his pieces, such as "Lear," of their wonderful poetry, and you have the skeleton melodrama remaining, minus the flesh and blood that give roundness, action, and colour to the outline. A melodrama is only what every drama ought to be—a sketch to be filled in and worked up; and the five-act play should be all this, and something more: a thorough creation, beautifully embodied, and richly attired. A pure and simple drama, therefore, with no melodramatic basis, and relying on poetic expression alone, however fine, elegant, and even touching it may be in parts, wants the substance needful to support true dramatic action and interest. Mr. Wilkins had the needful elements in a good story, full of interest, without which he probably knew it would be idle to address a Norton Folgate audience. And here we perceive a reason why it is expedient that there should be new dramas first addressed to such audiences. The bone and muscle for such a court and jury, must be present as primary conditions; there must be a prominent theme, a great variety of characters, a combination of incidents, a diversity of situations, a mixture of comic and tragic elements; a reality, in a word, supporting the ideal. Mr. Wilkins's play fulfils these conditions, and its success should operate as a lesson to managements where an over-refined taste has led to the selection of pieces, meagre in plot, and feeble, however polished in expression. The circumstances of its production are also instructive. The late manager of Drury-Lane, Mr. James Anderson, finding other theatres directed by leading performers, was glad to find room on a minor stage. Many others, particularly among the ladies, are at this present time in a similar predicament. The theatrical arena, though legally extended, is not yet wide enough to employ all the histrionic talent in the market, to say nothing of the dramatic. The more plebeian theatres are thus visited by "Stars," who are engaged by them, we learn, at high salaries. The same takes place also at the SALOONS. The better class of performers out of work thus become necessarily apostles of a better taste to the minor places of amusement. The time may come when by the operation of these accidents, the most vulgar audiences will demand "as a thing of custom," at least as good acting as Mr. Anderson's, and at least as good writing as Mr. Wilkins's "Civilisation."

SADLER'S WELLS, as our readers know, depends upon revivals, and has distinguished itself during the last month, in producing Shakespeare's Chronicle of "King Henry V.," as a spectacle, in part panoramic, and in part dramatic. This the management have effected in very superb style. The scenes at Southampton, Harfleur, and Agincourt, are accompanied with pictorial and other accessories, calculated to give life and reality to the scene. The full-length of the King, in its great variety of phases, is, though one of the most inconsistent, one also of the most elaborate of Shakespeare's portraits. Its contradictory elements are wonderfully harmonised; and its high finish proves that to the poet the work was a labour of love. How great also must have been his affection for the fat Knight, whose death he has so genially recorded in the equally humorous and pathetic narrative of *Dame Quickly*; perhaps, the most surprising piece of dramatic description ever composed. Rich as it is in all that provokes laughter, there is not a word added to those absolutely necessary for the detail of the circumstances particularised. The tale is told simply and naturally; and in its telling honours the humanity in the tellers, with which, nevertheless, their conditions and eccentricities are in violent contrast. To this contrast alone the effect is trusted; nor was the poet deceived by his confidence in nature. The marvellous result equally justifies both him and the Mighty Mother.

We were right in believing that the LYCEUM had produced a bill of fare likely to be only of a transitional sort. "The Mysterious Lady" appeared only for a few nights; and was substituted by a piece recently produced at another theatre. Late in the month, it was followed by a farce, entitled, "Those dear Blacks," the merely occasional character of which must excuse us from any extended remarks. The management, always fertile in resources, will no doubt speedily recover itself, and, ere long, produce some striking and especial novelty.

The business at all the houses has, we believe, been steady; but not excessive. Indeed, we are disposed to credit that it may have been a little under high water-mark; but for this, the excitement in the public mind concerning the funeral of the Great Duke may furnish a sufficient reason. Whatever besides may have been the pecuniary result, never were stronger efforts made, than in the production of the pieces, the merits of which we have sought relatively to determine in the present *résumé*.



THE LATE DUKE'S REMAINS, IN THE CRYPT OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

THE CRYPT OF ST. PAUL'S.

LOWERING THE BODY OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

WE have already described the last scene of lowering the coffin into the Crypt. The apparatus used was of the simplest, yet most effective kind. It consisted only of two "crabs" connected together, so that they acted simultaneously, and four chains, one to each corner of the platform, on which the bier was placed, which received the coffin from the bier of the funeral car. As the "crabs" were worked by men, the chains gradually lowered, and the coffin, on its temporary resting-place, descended slowly and gently below the pavement of the Cathedral. To admit the coffin in a horizontal position, a portion of the pavement immediately under the centre of the dome was removed, and a strong framing of timber raised in the Crypt beneath this woodwork, carried the platform on which was the bier, and all the chains and pulleys used in lowering the platform, so that there was no strain on any of the vaulted groining of the Crypt. The gloomy appearance of the vast Crypt, the tomb of Nelson, and memorials of some of his companions in war, and the massive framing for the lowering of the Duke's body to its last resting-place, formed a striking and impressive picture. Add to this scene the slowly-descending platform, with its sepulchral burden, the bright glare of light streaming down the opening, as lower and yet lower the coffin descended into the vaulted space; and then could be faintly seen figures round the grave, the King-at-Arms proclaiming the titles of the illustrious dead. This, the last scene, was probably the most impressive of all.

FAMILY OF SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.)

SIR,—In the number of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS for November 13, describing the Crypt of St. Paul's, and some of the monuments therein contained, you speak of the members of Sir Christopher Wren's family who lie buried there, and make mention of a marble tablet, recently erected "to the memory of his great grand-daughter, the last of her race!" I beg to correct this statement. The lady here spoken of was the daughter of the younger of the two sons of Sir Christopher's only son. The descendants of the elder branch still exist, in three separate families. The last male representative of the family being the fourth in descent from Sir Christopher, was Christopher Roberts Wren, of Wroxhall Abbey, Warwickshire. He died in 1828, leaving three daughters. The eldest and youngest have subsequently married. Sir Christopher's family, therefore, remains represented by the eldest daughter of the last male and her descendants. Pardon this intrusion on your time from

THE LINEAL DESCENDANT OF SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.

Worcester, Nov. 27, 1852.

AN AFTER-DINNER SPEECH OF THE DUKE.

(From a Correspondent.)

A County Hospital was to be built, and the Duke of Wellington accepted an invitation to dine at the Town-hall, where you will please to fancy him sitting on the right of the chairman. The chairman is on his legs eulogising the honouree guest, who becomes, therefore, uneasy. The terms patriot—hero—liberator—produce an unpleasant effect upon the Duke. The speech proceeds, and the epithets rising in a climax, reach to the word saviour of his —, at which word the Duke starts to his feet, and cuts off the rest of the sentence, thus:—"Gentlemen,—I beg to notice the remarks which have been made by your chairman, by calling your attention to the purpose for which we have met together in this room; namely, to benefit by our example and our subscriptions (emphasised) a most excellent institution, established for the relief of the sick poor in this county." Though a trifling incident, this is one which aptly and happily illustrates the habit of the Duke's eminently practical mind.

great master's ingenuity in the higher branches of his art, which the executed fabric cannot be said to do; the general form and proportions being none of his, but settled, partly by Romish views, more by stubborn routine, and merely given him to construct and decorate as he best could. This Model is of one storey only, and much more simple in all other respects than the present Cathedral.

THE DUKE'S BIRTHPLACE.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.)

As the interest in all that relates to the Laureled Dead still continues fresh and vigorous, and the minutest particular is not destitute of value, you will probably be desirous to correct an inaccuracy, into which the gentlemen met at the hotel probably led your Correspondent, quoted in publication of 16th ult., page 324, where he observes, "When the Marquis of Wellesley, then Earl of Mornington, was appointed to the government of India, the paternal estate and reversion of Dangan, were let on lease to a tenant, Mr. Roger O'Connor;" and that his devastations "were always understood there to be the cause of the Marquis Wellesley and the family parting from that estate never to return, even to look upon their birth-place."

It was not that illustrious statesman's birth-place, he having been born in Dublin, 20th June, 1760, the same year in which his father, second Baron Mornington, of the Kingdom of Ireland, was advanced to an earldom; at whose death, in 1781, the original wealth of the families of Colley and Wesley, *duo in uno*, had been found so much impaired, as to suggest to the noble and amiable, no less than firm and talented relict, the prudence of a removal to England with the numerous family left to her sole and judicious care; in some time subsequent to which the Castle and Demesne of Dangan were alienated; the purchaser having been, not Mr. Roger O'Connor, of questionable notoriety, but my late revered and lamented friend, Colonel Thomas Burrows, of 3, Hill-street, Berkeley-square, London (who was united to the daughter of William, Archbishop of Tuam, and first Baron Decies, and father of the Baroness de Cetto); and whose son, holding similar military rank, at this moment retains the fee of that part of the manor: which a reference to the "particulars and conditions of sale" will show was not included in the 12,800 acres, comprising the sale by Robins, in 1816.

The late Colonel Burrows, after for many years being a blessing to the estate and vicinity, by constant residence, and a princely and well-directed expenditure, took a final leave of Dangan, and fixed his location at Conway Castle, accepting Mr. Roger O'Connor as tenant, at a rent of £1400 per annum, in the year 1803; the turbulence and ingratitude of the misdirected peasantry, succeeding in this, as in many other instances, to effect a justifiable absenteeism: in the recollection they have severely suffered.

The cutting down of the noble timber; the sale of the splendid gates, and their tasteful adjuncts; and even, where a purchaser could be found, of the demesne wall by the yard; the Saints' Island, in the beautiful sheet of water which embellished the sylvan scene, becoming the retreat for an organised gang of mail-coach robbers (see trial at Trim for robbery of the Galway mail, and murder of the guard, on the night of 2d Oct., 1812, at Cappagh turnpike); the avenue being the place where the sub-agent of Colonel Burrows, named Doyle, immediately after receiving the rent, muffled by a sack, tied to a tree, and safely robbed in the daylight; the ultimate draining of the lake; and burning of the Castle a few days after an insurance had been effected at the Royal Exchange Assurance Office; the self-expatriation of Colonel Burrows' tenant; and the present inhabitation of the blackened ruins of Wellington's birthplace by the filthy family of a wretched herdsman; complete the records of Dangan, from that proud event to his death! Even the humble but industrious family, named Allen, who farmed the land, and had so far repaired a small part of the ruins as to make it a miserable and comfortable residence, and who so courteously entertained your Correspondent already alluded to, have been swept away in the stream of emigration. The entrance he described, is that next Trim; not the grand entrance, which is at the other extremity of the demesne, one mile from the once beautiful village of Summer Hill, and was very fine and of ample dimensions; its noble sweep is now disgraced by a whisky-house, built as if to intercept the view and drive likewise; while, of all that betokened taste or grandeur throughout the splendid park and grounds, the crumbling remains of two obelisks, preserving yet some architectural beauty, and situate on judiciously-selected eminences, alone arrest the attention.

The manor of Dangan, independently of the castle and demesne, comprises 3093 acres, Irish plantation measure; that of Trim, 575; of Ballymaglosson, 820; of Mornington, 738; and the lordship of Moyare, 2998; total, 8224 Irish, which is above 12,800 English acres; and netted an income therefrom of £6670 only: a pretty good proof of the exaggerations as to rack-rents so plausibly palmed on English credulity.—I have the honour, &c.,

E. TIGHE GREGORY, D.D., LL.D.

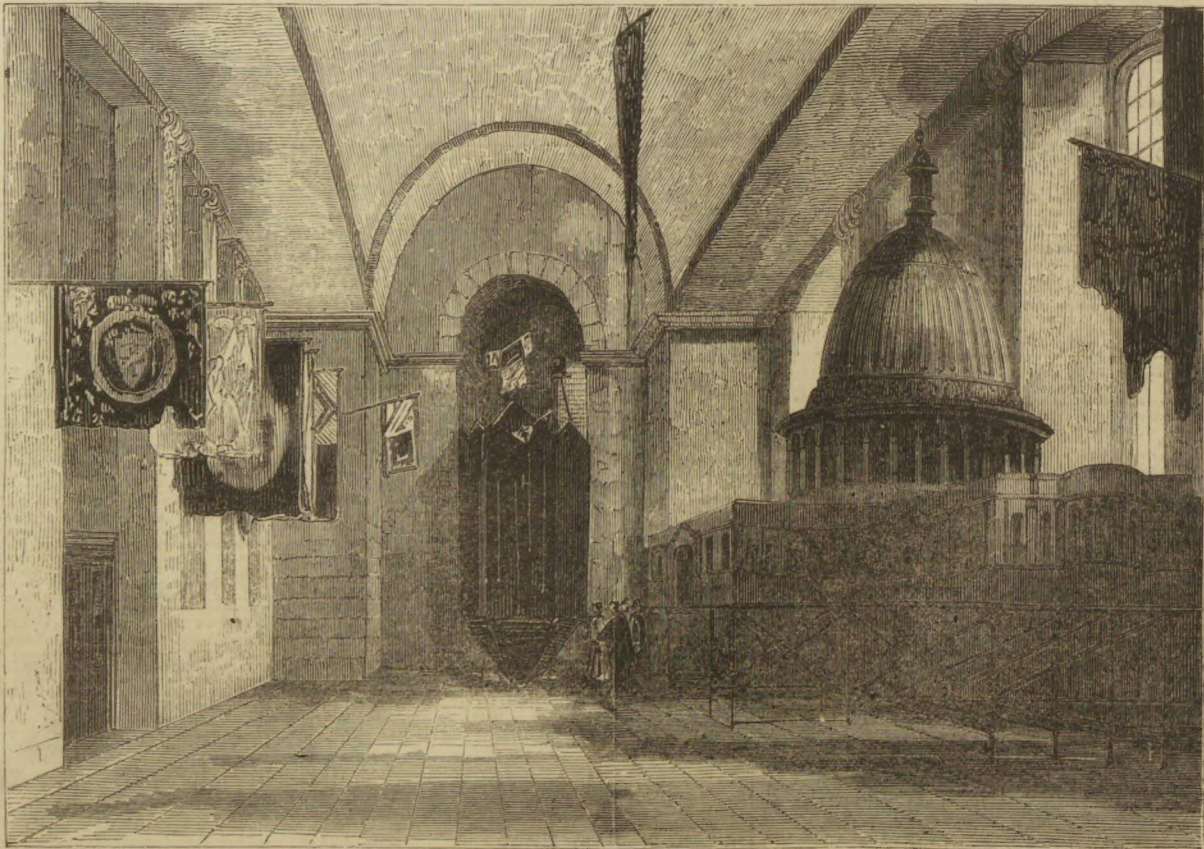
Rector and Vicar of Kilmore, Meath.

Paget Priory, Post Town, Kilcock,
Nov. 29, 1852.

THE MODEL-ROOM, AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

AMONG the historical curiosities of St. Paul's is the [model of one of Wren's earlier designs for the cathedral, which is kept in a loft over the north-west chapel of the nave; on that account, known as the Model-room. Here, also, hang some of the colours which were formerly suspended beneath the great dome: some are entire, but others are in a tattered condition.

The Model we may, with some reason, suppose to have been Wren's favourite. It is in a very mutilated state, and is equally worthy of notice, with the existing building itself, if not more so, as showing the



THE MODEL-ROOM, ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.